

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

Vol. 147.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 2.

Perdita.

By JOHN D. CARELESS.

(From Idler.)

Cold and grey, the wings of the night
Swept o'er the weary land.
And the dank rose up of a summer's eve,
And stole in a misty band
From hill to hill, and from hedge to hedge,
Rising to pour from the rocky ledge,
In silent torrent that lazily fell
Down to the dell—down to the dell.

Down to the dell the sun had burned
His path through a cloudless sky,
And the fire of love was lit for me
When the light of his love was high.
But now in the creeping chill of night,
With only a flush in the North for light,
My heart has turned with the flying day
Cold and grey—cold and grey.

The Dead Hand in Wealth.

BY AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

IT IS NOT EASY to earn money. This I know from my own experience, for, although I am now rich, my start in life was not over the primrose path. It is most difficult to accumulate money. This I know from observation of the experience of others, for I must admit that to me such an accumulation apparently came as a natural gift. It is very difficult to spend money wisely. This I know because I have tried it myself, and also because I have studied the attempts of others to dispose of their accumulated wealth.

I may interpolate here as a matter extraneous to the discussion, but perhaps of interest to the reader in judging my point of view, that I am not one of the extremely wealthy men of these United States, but rather that I belong to that class of a member of which John D. Rockefeller is said to have remarked: "Poor fellow, he had plenty of opportunities, but he was never able to make more than a few millions." I have had plenty of opportunities to become rich in a manner which many think not only honorable but commendable. I have made my money in legitimate enterprises largely by the discovery of new processes and the opening up of new countries. I was born poor, but I am no convert to the theory which Andrew Carnegie professes, and if I can help it I shall not die poor. It has, however, long been my desire to so distribute my wealth as to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number of people under the laws as they now exist. And it is my belief that this can be accomplished, even though many have failed in the attempt.

The laws of last wills and testamentary distribution of property present academic questions to the poor man. True, he may have his personal troubles in settling what he may consider a fitting distribution of his property. There may be small sordid contests in the courts, but the public at large is not deeply interested in those affairs. It is only when a very rich man dies that it speculates through the press and otherwise on the probable disposition of his wealth. This interest on the part of the public I formerly considered as

unjust discrimination against the rich man which deprived him or his family of the right of privacy. But investigation and contemplation have convinced me that the reason must be sought deeper than in the mere yellow desire for sensation.

The theory of the right of disposition of property after death originated at a time in the history of man when there was greater equal distribution or at least less noticeable inequality in the distribution of wealth, and the theories on which testamentary disposition of property was permitted first are still substantially the same. While the purpose of this article is not to discuss the laws but rather the working of the laws relating to testamentary disposition of property, any discussion of the ethics, the ideals and the practice of testatorial powers would not be complete without some brief reference to the general truths which underlie the customs on which our present laws are based. Sir William Blackstone, in his commentaries, thus introduces the subject to his students:

"We have more than once observed that when property came to be vested in individuals by the right of occupancy it became necessary for the peace of society that this occupancy should be continued, not only in the present possessor, but in those persons to whom he should think proper to transfer it, which introduced the doctrine and practice of alienations, gifts and contracts. But these precautions would be very short and imperfect if they were confined to the life only of the occupier; for then, upon his death, all his goods would again become common, and create an infinite variety of strife and confusion. The law of very many societies has therefore to give the proprietor a right of continuing his property after his death in such persons as he shall name.

"Testaments are of a very high antiquity. We find them in use among the ancient Hebrews. * * * Solon was the first legislator that introduced wills into Athens; but in many other parts of Greece they were totally discountenanced. In Rome they were unknown till the laws of the twelve tables were compiled, which first gave the right of bequeathing; and among the northern nations, particularly among the Germans, testaments were not received into use."

And further the same author says:

"The right of inheritance, or descent to the children and relations of the deceased, seems to have been allowed much earlier than the right of devising by testament. We are apt to conceive at first view that it has nature on its side, yet we often mistake for nature what we find established by long and inveterate custom. It is certainly wise and effectual but clearly a political establishment, since the permanent

right of property, vested in the ancestor himself, was no natural but merely a civil right. It is true that the transmission of one's possessions to posterity has an evident tendency to make a man a good citizen and a useful member of society; it sets the passions on the side of duty, and prompts the man to deserve well of the public, when he is sure that the reward of his services will not die with himself, but be transmitted to those with whom he is connected by the dearest and most tender affections.

"When property became inheritable the inheritance was long indefeasible, and the children or heirs-at-law were incapable of exclusion by will, till at length it was found that so strict a rule of inheritance made heirs disobedient and headstrong, defrauded creditors of their just debts, and prevented many provident fathers from dividing or charging their estates as the exigencies of their families required."

These quotations give a very fair general idea of the logic underlying the laws of wills and testaments, though it is only fair to say that not all writers agree with the learned judge in the entirety of his conclusions.

Admitting then that the right to devise property was based on the considerations of public policy set forth above, the question arises: Have the results proved the wisdom of the laws and of the theories on which they were based? Have we in this country achieved the object of assuring the most desirable method for the disposition of great fortunes after the owner's death? Rich men have at all times realized the onus of their wealth, and have sought to do things to appease the wrath of the gods, of their conscience, or of the people. Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, sacrificed a ring dearest to him of all his riches to escape the punishment which in the popular superstition great wealth has always carried with it. Andrew Carnegie has announced that he wants to die poor, though his efforts seem to be less strenuously directed toward that end than they were toward the acquisition of his millions. Many others who acquired riches have spent their fortunes unwisely.

But who has been able to so dispose of a huge fortune after death as to escape unfavorable criticism? If after diligent inquiry we find that the testamentary distribution of large fortunes has resulted in detriment rather than advantage to the community at large, then it will be necessary to admit that the dead hand in wealth has been the hand of a despot and a fool, and that a man's wisdom rarely extends beyond the grave.

There have been in recent years numerous deaths of men with fortunes much larger than had ever been thought possible a hundred years ago, and in this country especially has there been a great variety of testamentary

curiosities. Samuel J. Tilden tried to leave his entire estate to the public library, but his relatives broke the will and received a share in the estate. The litigation over the Fayerweather millions, which were to be divided among more than twenty colleges, is still fresh in the memory of the newspaper readers of several years ago. Ezra Cornell endowed Cornell University, Daniel Drew gave largely to the Drew Theological College, Leland Stanford endowed the university named after his son, who died in childhood. William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt made small gifts to charitable institutions and to colleges, but left most of their estates to their families. Marshall Field, after accumulating the greatest fortune amassed by a merchant in the United States and making free contributions to public undertakings of the city of Chicago, left the bulk of his fortune tied up for two grandchildren of tender years. Cecil Rhodes left many charitable bequests, most notable being his endowment of Oxford scholarships for competitive award in the United States and the British Empire. Baron de Hirsch founded the De Hirsch Educational Fund. Jay Gould left every cent of his fortune to his family, and only his elder daughter has so far shown any leaning to give back some of this money to the people. Russell Sage, after leaving small sums to his relatives, undertook to give his entire fortune to his wife, while Alfred Beit gave huge sums for public purposes, especially for the endowment of the Cape to Cairo Railway. The list could be lengthened at will, but those cited represent the most notable cases in contemporary history.

Let us then see what this formidable list of dead millionaires can testify for or against the success of the present system of the last will. It is quite evident that each of them, with the exception of Jay Gould, was subconscious of the idea that they owed something to the public. All these men made gifts to public institutions, but the sum total is but a small fraction of the total sums of the estates which they left to be divided by their heirs. In the case of almost every one the gifts were in part prompted by the hope of perpetuating the name of the donor, which otherwise they had done nothing to elevate above the ranks of the ordinary adventurer who seeks a fortune and gets it. Some of them evidently had given great thought to the matter.

Baron de Hirsch continued after his death a life work undertaken years before. His bequests were arranged with all the forethought and financial instinct of the Jew, but with all the love, care and spirit of the Christian. He probably accomplished what he wanted to accomplish in the fullest measure possible. His is a case which must be written down in favor of the dead hand.

Samuel J. Tilden's effort to endow a public library failed because he had

neglected to remember his relatives. His will was a signal failure because of the litigation which it entailed, and which is exactly what the State desires to avoid by permitting testamentary disposition of property. There was, however, one feature to the Tilden will which made it notable. This was the attempt to give the entire estate to the people. In every other case which has come to notice the testamentary bequests made for public purposes were only secondary to those which provided for the family of the testator. And what is more, they appear to have been prompted largely by a number of personal considerations. Some of them were in satisfaction of vanity, others due to morbid grief, still others to a desire to leave an impress of the testator's indomitable will on those who might come after him.

The will of Marshall Field is perhaps the worst example of a testator's desire to perpetuate only the entity of his millions. In that case the greater part of a huge fortune was so tied up as to prevent its dismemberment for at least fifty years. Whatever emphasis may be placed on Marshall Field's honesty, it cannot be denied that his attempt to thus interfere in the trend of economical developments was entirely opposed to doctrines of public policy. It is exactly such an attempt as that made by the merchant of Chicago to prevent the possible disintegration of his fortune by keeping it out of channels of trade for so long a time, which a hundred years ago led to the adoption of a law in England prohibiting the entailing of estates for more than a life or lives in esse and twenty-one years thereafter, and it would not be surprising if other attempts of that nature should result in further limiting the power of testamentary distribution.

Turning from the rather depressing spectacle presented by the mental attitude as displayed in their last wills of those American millionaires—Field, Gould, Vanderbilt, etc.—we find a degree of relief in the public spirit displayed by that German-Englishman, Alfred Beit, friend of Cecil Rhodes, who recently died in London, leaving a fortune estimated at somewhere above \$100,000,000. The aggregate value of his bequests comes close to \$12,000,000. In addition he left large legacies to relatives, friends and servants, and it is asserted that there was no one with whom the diamond merchant came into close relations who was not handsomely remembered in the will. The London "Times," speaking of the spirit of Mr. Beit's testament, said:

"His bequests show a largeness of aim and a breadth of view which do not always accompany benevolence, as well as a catholicity of sympathy and taste that offers a bright example. Through the whole will there breathes a profound sense of the value of education, to the promotion of which in one form or another a large share of the money is dedicated."

This tribute emphasizes exactly those qualities which would appeal most to public sentiment. But Alfred Beit, in his will, was largely endeavoring to erect to his name a monument which would carry its fame with that of De Lesseps and others "echoing down the corridors of time." The legacy on which he bestowed his most profound thoughts and the deepest emotion of his heart was the one which will be largely responsible for the further construction of the Cape to Cairo Railway, a project on which awaits the development of the untouched wealth of the African continent. Mr. Beit considered this undertaking the most important not only to Africa but to the whole civilized world. He knew well the difficulties which the promoters and builders of this railway would likely encounter in their efforts to secure the necessary funds. By setting aside a large amount of money to be devoted to this project he not only gave the projectors of this enterprise such as might bridge them over periods of stringency, but he called the attention of rich men to new possibilities for the disbursing of their accumulated surplus for the benefit of mankind. And withal, Mr. Beit left to his only brother more money than the latter will ever be able to spend except by devoting it ultimately to public purposes.

Returning now to our own millionaires, we stop with something akin to admiration in contemplation of the will of Russell Sage. This man, with as many millions as he had numbered years in his life, made a will which for plain good sense has never been excelled. Whatever may be said about his methods of accumulating his fortune, whatever criticism may be passed on his lack of human sympathy, on his penurious habits, on his inability to use his money in any way except toward the further increase of his hoard, it must be confessed that the final disposition of his wealth speaks loudly of the wisdom of his counsel. Face to face with death, Russell Sage was overcome with the knowledge that he knew not how to spend the millions he had so laboriously, patiently and enthusiastically accumulated. He therefore did the best thing he could do: He left them to some one in whose spending ability he had the greatest confidence. In bequeathing the great bulk of his estate to his wife, Russell Sage practically appointed her a trustee for the public. She is herself aged in years, and may, therefore, be called away before she can carry out the complete distribution of this wealth, but she has made charities a life study, just as her late husband made the acquisition of money his life work, and she may well be trusted to discriminate wisely in giving away the estate left by her husband. In bequeathing only small sums to his relatives, Mr. Sage unquestionably acted for their best interests. The fool in the fairy story who found a lump of gold traded it off till there was nothing

left of it. The sudden acquisition of wealth is not an easy burden to carry. Russell Sage left his relatives enough money to keep them from want, and not enough to spoil their presumably good characters.

In disposing of her wealth, Mrs. Sage, it is said, will have the active aid and assistance of Helen Gould, and so a curious spectacle will be presented. The wife and daughter, respectively, of two insatiable accumulators of money, neither of whom knew how to use at least a part of his wealth for the benefit of mankind, both of whom were old cronies, lifelong friends and partners in all kinds of deeds, will undertake to collaborate on the work of disposing of the entire fortune of the one and a goodly share of the other.

It is apparent from a cursory review of the testaments of some of the most prominent millionaires of the past two decades that the amount set aside by them for public purposes was, comparatively speaking, small. Even those who gave most freely only conveyed a small part to charity or the public good. But it is difficult to see how this could be prevented except by a very complex system of laws, and even then the enforcement of these laws would be by no means an assured certainty. Education toward a better moral point of view is probably the only means which would achieve the desired end, namely, that of preventing more than a reasonable amount of money to be willed to the heirs-at-law, and of securing instead the great bulk of the fortunes for public purposes, exactly the reverse of what has been the rule followed by millionaires everywhere.

It is plain that whether or not the accumulation of such large fortunes was accomplished without violations of the laws of the land the distribution of these fortunes in the cases above set forth and in many others was strictly within the limits prescribed alike by statute and usage, however much they may have departed from the moral laws or the laws of equity and justice, the observation of which is generally considered a virtue, but to the ignoring of which there attaches no particular odium, at least in that class for the opinions of which millionaires are most likely to have respect. The question then to be considered is whether or not testators acted with due consideration for the moral law, with due appreciation of their obligations to society and to public sentiment, which in the final instance is the maker and unmaker of all law and all morals, whether or not these men so bequeathed their estates as to conform to public policy and to secure the greatest benefit to the greatest number of people. If they did not, it does not necessarily mean that the whole system of testamentary distribution is wrong, but merely indicates that some amendments would be advisable.

Referring to the best authorities, we find that the chief object of the

right to bequeath was to encourage by a reward of fortune, without prejudice to the supreme rights of the community, individual effort toward the development of the country's resources. And, again, to prevent serious disputes and quarrels over the possessions left by the dead man. The latter condition may be dismissed with a few words. It is undoubtedly true, and would hardly find denial anywhere, that if estates were left to be taken by those who could prove the best claim to them the quarrels would far exceed in extent and severity those which now usually rage around the biers of the wealthy dead. If the power of disposing of estates by last wills were abolished entirely, and the relatives were permitted to take all, unquestionably the public would fare worse as far as contributions to public charities, schools and other undertakings are concerned.

Taking then the other, which is also the first and supreme reason for the grant of the right of testamentary disposition, we find it a commonplace observation that a man should be permitted to bequeath the returns of his labor, luck, talent or shrewdness, as otherwise there would be no encouragement toward individual effort. I venture to say that very few men, if any, consciously consider the advantage of the right of testamentary disposition when they attempt to secure wealth. That is probably the last thought entering their brains. If they knew that they would not be able to bequeath their fortunes, they would still try to accumulate wealth in the hope of either cheating the law, or, if that were impossible, with the idea of giving it away while they were still alive.

To grant the right of testamentary disposition is to recognize the ability of the individual to dispose of his fortune to the best advantage of all. It is, however, this very ability which is questioned by the results in many conspicuous cases. A testator might well be trusted to distinguish between his heirs and give justly to him who deserves it a larger share than to him who does not. Testators, however, have only too often permitted themselves to be guided by wounded feelings or by spite rather than by considerations of justice and need. Frequently the poor heirs are passed over skimpingly in favor of others who are already blessed with worldly goods. Often children of a first marriage are slighted in favor of offspring of second marriages. Sometimes one child is unjustly favored. The case of Cornelius Vanderbilt is a recent example. That millionaire was incensed at his oldest son's marriage, and practically cut him off in his will in favor of the younger sons, none of whom has so far proved himself the equal of the oldest son. In Pittsburg a millionaire cut off his daughter because she married a dentist against her father's wish, and similar cases could be cited to show that testators are fre-

quently influenced by their passions, their vices, their feelings or their ignorance. This, however, is not a condition applicable peculiarly to testators, but is a state of affairs which unfortunately prevails rather generally in spite of the teachings of Christianity. On the whole, last wills are probably drawn with as much discrimination, equity, justice, foresight and kindness as the average human being is possessed of.

As suggested above, it would hardly avail much to pass laws prohibiting or limiting testamentary disposition. Such laws would have to be so complex as to defeat themselves, for complexity in law opens a certain door to evasion. Lawyers' brains would be sure to develop some means of avoiding the spirit if not the letter of the law. There is, however, a plan for modifying testamentary disposition which would seem to be feasible.

Trial by jury is one of the most ancient fundamental institutions of Anglo-Saxon inheritance. By it are decided every day questions of property, and even of life, liberty and death. As a rule, these questions are thus fairly decided. Why then should not last wills be passed upon by a jury? Every will under the present system has to be proved or probated before a judge, who, however, has only power to decide questions of law arising or facts affected by the will, but who has no right to correct or change the will in the least. I suggest that each will when fortunes of say \$50,000 and upward are concerned be passed on by a jury of twelve citizens of ordinary intelligence. Let them have the right to disapprove of sections of the will or of the whole will, considering in their decision whether sufficient amounts have been left to charity and public works, whether all those relatives entitled to consideration have been duly remembered, and let them have power to correct and change the testator's desires when they are found to have been wrong, unjust, inequitable, malicious or otherwise objectionable. Let the decision be rendered by a two-thirds vote, and let the higher courts have no power of revision of the facts as found by the jury, but only power of revision so far as questions of law are concerned which might crop up here and there.

I venture to predict that knowledge that such supervision would be exercised in the manner indicated above would result in placing a wholesome restraint on testators. With such a revision after death—much on the lines of the ancient judgment pronounced on the dead in old Egypt—it would probably be found that the dead hand in wealth would be less of a menace to republican institutions than it is now generally believed to be.

"Soft Siena" and Her Children.

By ROSE M. BRADLEY.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

YOU are going to Italy, mademoiselle? You will visit the churches? Ah! there you will indeed find the Dio Padre, but you must not be shocked." The speaker was an old French lady with whom some years ago I was privileged to travel on the long road from Paris to Rome. "You English, you Protestants," she continued in explanation of a speech which, launched suddenly from the other end of an empty railway carriage, sounded enigmatic, "you put on your best clothes and you go to your church once in a week, and there c'est fini, you have too much respect to be happy. We others in France—well, at least we speak of the Bon Dieu—we are more at home; but in Italy," she shrugged her shoulders expressively and reverted to her original phrase—"In Italy it is the Dio Padre indeed. There, mademoiselle, you will find no reverence, as you understand it, vous autres. The churches are the playgrounds, the nurseries of the children, the resting places of the mothers." I suggested that the idea was charming, but madame waved my observations aside with a derisive little laugh at what she evidently felt to be the futility of explaining to my Anglican comprehension the familiar terms upon which the people of Italy, and especially the children, stand to their Creator. Her remarks have very often recurred to my mind, but I have seldom felt the truth of them more irresistibly than

one afternoon, a few weeks ago, in the Cathedral of Siena.

A service was proceeding with some apparent pomp and ceremony. At all events, the archbishop was officiating in gorgeous vestments and attended by the usual servitors. In the body of the cathedral, which was nearly empty, was that complete air of detachment from whatever might be going forward at the High Altar generally to be noticed in Italian churches. A few sight-seers, German and English, strolled about with their inevitable Baedekers, and explained to one another in audible whispers the beauty and the anatomy of the lions which support Pisano's wonderful pulpit. Near the great west door a baby was making her first valiant essays to walk unassisted, patting noisily, with an occasional soft thud as she fell on the wooden covering of the mosaic pavement. In the corner an admiring grandmother muttered absently over her beads, whilst she proudly watched the child's progress. A few rows of benches in front of the altar were occupied by a handful of women in an attitude of devotion.

But upon the front bench was the one genuinely interested member of the congregation. He was an extremely small boy, who might have been five, but his pinafore and tunic proclaimed him no older. With breathless attention his keen little eyes followed every movement of the archbishop and his assistants. That he was immensely impressed there could be no doubt, and

when the little acolyte, not so many years older than himself, and perhaps an intimate friend, held up a silken cushion to receive the archbishop's mitre, his feelings altogether got the better of him. Sliding suddenly from his seat, he sped with the heavy-footed, sideway gallop peculiar to young children across the steps of the choir, and disappeared through the leather-covered door, which closed with a bang behind him.

In another minute, however, he re-appeared, dragging by the hand a brother quite considerably smaller than himself. Together they returned across the steps, under the very nose of the archbishop, with a great clatter of stout boots on the marble, but without appearing to attract the smallest notice either from the priests or the congregation. The smaller boy was then carefully hoisted and bumped down upon the bench by his elder brother, who scrambled up beside him, and in silent and absorbed concentration they watched the remainder of a ceremony which had evidently been considered altogether too fascinating for one unselfish-minded baby to enjoy alone. Well, here at all events the Dio Padre was receiving in His own house a meed of attention which, if familiar, was also extremely heartfelt!

The service over and the last long stare bestowed upon the archiepiscopal vestments before they vanished into the sacristy, the little boys raced heavily down the nave to join the baby, who by this time, weary with much exercise, had fallen asleep upon the pavement.

The majestic interior of the cathedral has undoubtedly proved to be a convenient day nursery for the children of Siena. Here in the cool twilight, under a grove of mighty black and white columns, they may safely play on wet days and fine, whilst their parents work in the fields and in the factories. They need no better protector than the old crone who sits at the great west door, and with her hand stretched persistently out to each pass-

ing visitor appears to claim some proprietary right to the treasures within.

But it is not only inside the cathedral that the children are so prominent a feature in the life of Siena, so integral a part, one might almost say, of her very stonework. Passing out of the west door, under the gorgeous many-colored facade, on to the sunny piazza, you will find the child life of Siena, the child life of the open streets, is in nowise to be entirely evaded.

"Say" Largo, "but do not lose your temper," is the admirable advice set forth in a certain little phrase book, and intended for the benefit of English travelers in Italy when beset by beggars. In Siena there are comparatively few beggars. The fairest of hill cities has known how to build up a new commercial prosperity upon her mediaeval foundations as well as she has known how to preserve her medieval mystery and charm.

And in the course of centuries she has learned also how to provide for her poor. From the foundling babies in the convent of San Sebastiano to the old men in the large, airy rooms of the Campansa—a notable poorhouse—the needy of Siena and the surrounding country have ample provision made for them, and if there are still beggars in Siena, it is because begging is the most lucrative profession in Italy. But if there are few beggars, there are many children. They can only, indeed, be compared to the pigeons of Venice. As easy is it to cross the Piazza of St. Mark's unmolested by a fluttering crowd of supplicants, as to saunter through the streets of Siena when the schools are let loose without being followed by a little human flock with soft eyes and softer voices, the eternal burden of whose song is *francobolli 'estleri*. It is some years now since the mania for collecting postage stamps swept like a tidal wave over the youth of Italy.

In the majority of places it has to a great extent receded, but in Siena, soft, frivolous Siena, it has apparently come to stay, and nowhere has the demand

been more insistent. Cross the piazza of the cathedral, and pass under the mighty arches of the vast unfinished nave, the shaft of the window seeming to pierce the blue of heaven itself, and so down the steps by the baptistery—that graceful flight of steps up which the little Virgin in her blue gown should surely be seen mounting shyly to her presentation in the Temple. All the way, if you do not spurn them, you will find the children following—at a distance, for they are not as a rule aggressive, but the majority of them are in deadly earnest.

One of the more rabid of these young collectors is carrying his stamp book, which he is anxious to display upon the slightest possible encouragement. Quite indifferent is he to the self-evident fact that it is market day, that the narrow street between the palaces is already over full, that a news vendor is determined to be the most prominent person in the foreground, and has already collected an interested crowd about him upon the very spot which the boy has chosen. Equally indifferent is he to the imminent and perpetual risk run by himself and his sympathetic audience from the little carriages driven at reckless speed through the steep, paved streets of a city long governed by its nobles, where the lives of the *contadini* were of small account, and where the tradition died hard that only the rulers were allowed to drive.

Until they are close upon him he ignores the plodding, relentless tread of a couple of huge white oxen, their wide horns, sweeping clear the street from wall to wall, and behind them a long, swaying wagon, piled up with sweet green grass and many colored flowers fresh from the hay fields below the city. A sudden dive into an open doorway, dragging, if your heart be not of stone, the young philatelist with you, by no means impedes the latter's flow of polite eloquence. If you have ever been a child—and it is a fallacy to suppose that this privilege is granted to everybody in its fullness

of joy—you will by now have plunged your hand into your pocket in search of the last English letter.

If you draw a blank, the ultimatum is probably accepted with cheerful resignation, for these children are easily satisfied with a little good-natured assumption of interest on the part of their prey.

One brown, soft-faced boy with black eyes, more audacious than his companions, may, however, plant himself in the path of his English victim. His pleading voice is hushed almost to a whisper, for his schoolfellows must on no account share in so venturesome a suggestion. If there are no stamps to-day, will there be stamps to-morrow? Should he, *Giovanni*, come to the hotel? But here, if you are wise, the worm will turn, a state of veritable siege rising before your mental vision. No, certainly not! If there are stamps, and *Giovanni*, if that be his name, is to be met with, he may possibly have them, but not at the hotel, and no promises! Forthwith, not knowing *Giovanni* and his kind, you will go light-heartedly on your way and forget his existence, while the boy shoulders his bag of books and trots off, content and submissive. You may be churlish enough to say "*Largo*"—of which, however, not the slightest notice will be taken—but you will probably not find it easy to lose your temper in face of such sunny insistence.

Was it, perhaps, this very insistence, this amiable refusal to know when they were beaten, which in the Middle Age caused the people of Siena, that stronghold of the Ghibellines, to be held up to scorn by the strenuous Guelphs of Florence for the frivolity of their temperament? Dante speaks of the *gente vana*, the vain folk of a city which at that time may have been aggressive in its prosperity, and not least so to the Florentine exile. Fazio degli Uberti, on the other hand, saw another side of the frivolity of his native city, which he speaks of as being full "of charming women and courteous men;" and there is no doubt that much of

this mediæval charm and courtesy, allied with certain other qualities, inherited possibly from Ghibelline ancestors, survives in the population of Siena at the present day.

The woman selling her picture post-cards in the little shop by the post-office will murmur *Pazienza—pazienza* if the desired point of view is not instantly forthcoming. Every church and every picture is well known to her, but she regards with kindly tolerance the forestiere's apparent ignorance of the treasures of her town. The septuagenarian who fulfils the work of two housemaids in the pensione up the street, waiting hand and foot, sometimes with more zeal than discretion, upon the English visitors, will never fail with her gentle "*e nulla, signora, e nulla,*" when thanked for the heaviest of her services.

But it is in the Palazzo del Governo, that imposing palace with its grand facade of horses' heads in wrought iron, built for the family of the Piccolomini, that one of the most characteristic types of Siena, past and present, is still to be found. The librarian who watches with zealous personal attachment over seventy-two rooms of archives, documents, and other priceless treasures connected with the whole history and the art of Siena is very old and very lame, but he appears to possess in a marked degree the leading features of the Sienese temperament—a gentle courtesy and a very light-hearted obstinacy.

While the English antiquary in the party he is conducting clamors to be shown the land contracts of the fifteenth century, which happen to be stored at least six rooms in front, this aged cicerone merely counsels patience, and continues to display, with infinite pride, the marriage contracts of Sienese maidens in the glorious days of the rule of the Nine, just a century earlier. He will expatiate for a full half-hour upon those days of prodigal splendor and prosperity under the Guelf predominance. Days when the greatest builders and sculptors of the

early fourteenth century worked for the honor and glory of Siena; when the magnificent cathedral, which was so far to outshine its neighbor in Florence, was planned and partially reared; when a school of painting arose led by Duccio di Buoninsegna, which also bid fair to rival the more famous one of the neighboring republic. Days before the plague came to cut short the building, to bring woe and desolation for six long months to the gente vana, from which they only emerged to fall under the dominion of one tyrant after another, until in the sixteenth century the city capitulated to the Dukes of Tuscany.

All this and more the antiquary will have to listen to before he will see his land contracts; and the American lady who demands to see a letter written by St. Catherine will be courteously reproved and told that, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, Santa Caterina never learned to write herself at all. That is his view, and she must abide by it. Before she is shown out, however, she will be allowed to look at a precious document concerning the canonization of the Saint in the handwriting of the famous Piccolomini Pope, Pius the Second.

In Siena, it has been truly said by a modern Italian writer, "the life of the Middle Ages still palpitates, every stone still jealously preserves and repeats the voice of its lost grandeur." And not the least of the legacies of this grandeur is the peculiar atmosphere of tranquil prosperity which pervades the city even to the present day. A quality of gentle and persistent gaiety, which never seems to have deserted the Sienese throughout all the changes and chances of their stormy history, may be partly responsible for this sustained air of prosperity. This gentle gaiety certainly found its way into their pictures. "*Lieta scuola fra lieto popolo,*" so the school of Sienese painting has been described by Lanzi.

The abundant use of gold leaf dear to these early painters no doubt helped to convey that impression of blithe-

ness; and where else but from their own atmosphere and their own fields did they learn that daring and wonderful combination of colors which still lives in the robes of the saints and the stiff, primitive Madonnas on the canvases in the gallery of the Belle Arti? Such a thought irresistibly suggests itself to the ignorant and uninitiated stranger who wanders outside the city walls, through fields of brilliant pink sainfoin, recklessly splashed with scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, and all set against a dazzling sky of gold and azure.

But in the curly headed bambini on the knees of these Byzantine Madonnas there is not only a quality of gaiety, but also a very stately air of repose and dignity, which, it is not too much to say, may be observed in most of the children whom you meet in the streets of Siena to-day. These children are by no means all of them beautiful—far from it. Here and there a round-limbed baby suggests a model of Matteo di Giovanni or Sano di Pietro, or a child of peculiar pink-cheeked fairness seems to prove that the infant Neruccio di Bartolommeo loved to paint was indeed a native of Siena. But to nearly all of them, whether plain or pretty, seems to belong a little air of dignity distinctly reminiscent of the primitive school of painting, and not at all in keeping with the inherited frivolity of their dispositions.

They have none of the roughness of the rival youth of Perugia, nor yet the innate high-bred reserve and independence of the Florentine children, who play their elaborate games of noughts and crosses upon the steps of the churches with a haughty disregard of the passing stranger. Indeed, an eager interest in the stranger within his gates appears to be the most absorbing, and to the stranger sometimes embarrassing, occupation of the Sienese child. And it is by no means only the greed for postage stamps which ensnares his attention; he is ever ready to see what amusement may

be extracted from the society of the foreigner.

Giovanni may accept his dismissal and vague promises of future benefits with the polite acquiescence of his race. But the next time that you emerge from your doorway, forgetful of his existence, you will undoubtedly find him waiting for you round the corner, with an air of concentrated but detached seriousness about his small person, while a group of younger boys and girls at a few yards distance watch his movements with mingled awe and curiosity. Presently he is following you, and you will have to realize that he intends to constitute himself your unsolicited guide and companion to the sights of his much-favored city.

As easy is it to resist the forces of Nature as to withstand the gentle but unswerving purpose of a small street boy in Siena. On the whole it is, perhaps, better to submit to a comparatively unobtrusive tyranny, for he will trot behind you in perfect silence, and serve to keep at a respectful distance his more demonstrative companions.

I have had some experience of Giovanni, among others of his kind, and I know his ways. The first time that I met him, one afternoon when his school was suddenly let loose upon my solitary meditations under the shadow of San Domenico, I was weak enough to produce an Indian postage stamp, and his gratitude was almost pathetic. Never had so beautiful a stamp been printed. The desire of his heart had been to possess an Indiano, he who already had only one stamp in the world; and forthwith the barrenness of the land was displayed to me.

After that it was perfectly useless to turn a deaf ear when, in courteous accents, he assured me that he, and he alone, could safely conduct me to the Porta Romana, to the Church of Santa Maria del Servi. He followed me, submissive and silent, but in no way discouraged by what I fear must have been a very insular lack of response to his unsolicited advances.

When we reached the market place, he paused, and broke the silence to admire with me the soft stretch of undulating country which fell away from our feet. Behind us was the majestic brick building of the Palazzo Pubblico, with the Tower of the Mangia a beacon to country folk for many miles around. In the immediate foreground, smothering the trellis of a market garden below, was that mass of pink roses which in the month of May runs riot over every wall in central Italy, town cousin of the more fragile blooms which were decking the hedges out there on the blue Campagna.

His tongue once loosed, Giovanni, with shining eyes, told me of the farm out in the country where his uncle lived, and where he was sometimes privileged to go and play on a festa. He told me of the oxen in their beautiful stalls, with their own names printed over them, and a statue of St. Anthony to preserve them from evil; of the donkey Giuseppe and the goat Rosetta, each equally well lodged and protected; of the trailing vines and the fields of blue flax, where the big green tree-lizards played; and of how—with kindling enthusiasm—the white sheep dog, who was so gentle to him, Giovanni, sometimes caught them and swallowed them alive. I have visited the farm since then, and I have realized that, unlike the majority of Italians, the gentleness of the Sieneſe can extend itself to their dumb creatures as well as to their children, and, except for the fate of the lizards, I can fully enter into Giovanni's enthusiasm.

But meantime, in spite of the roses, the monster Scirocco was upon us. I had seen him that very morning, with his uncouth bush of hair and his puffed-out cheeks, the work of some monk blessed with an irrepressible sense of humor, emblazoned on a gorgeous missal in the cathedral library, and I knew better than to linger in his clutches. Moreover, the boy was getting anxious; his little band of distant followers showed signs of insubordination. So this time I meekly allowed

him to lead me, which he did, not, perhaps, by the choicest streets; the Sieneſe do not, unfortunately, add cleanliness to their other virtues, but he was showing me the life of the place as he understood it.

As he went along he explained to me his great ambition. It was to walk, when he was older, among the Alfieri on fete days, waving a banner of his own contrada or ward, hurling it in the air, and catching it again with a dexterous turn of the wrist, which requires such long and arduous training. Each ward—and the whole city of Siena is divided into wards—has its banner of gorgeous silk, beautifully embroidered, and there is no prettier or more picturesque sight to be met with in the streets than a group of these banner-carriers, practicing, perhaps for some festive occasion, while the wrought-iron banner-holders at the corners of the palaces are among the most distinctive feature of Sieneſe architecture.

It is, of course, at the city's great annual festa of the Palio, held in the shell-like Piazza del Campo, that the banners play so important a part in the procession. Or at the solemn feast of Santa Caterina, when the streets of the Nobile Contrada dell' Oca, the Ward of the Goose, are guarded by white wooden geese, and the banners are tossed and waved, a whirling mass of color, all down the narrow street where Saint Catherine lived. Well, Giovanni is young yet, and who knows but what some day he may be throwing his banner in a gay company of young "Ancients"? at all events, the ambition will do him no harm.

When at length we emerged upon the piazza before the door of Santa Maria del Servi, my guide showed no immediate intention of accompanying me within. Two of his more impertinent followers, who were close upon our heels, were caught and soundly cuffed, to my unspeakable gratitude, by a muscular young priest on the threshold, who apparently held revolutionary views as to the manner in

which the Dio Padre was to be approached. When Giovanni followed me a few minutes later, he remained kneeling devoutly before the altar, no doubt in self-preservation, but with one eye attentively superintending my movements. Outside the church, the straight, sunny road between an avenue of white acacias, the sweet-scented blossoms falling thick upon the path, leads to the Porta Romana, and here my guide was content to leave me. The children never come beyond the city walls, though a group of pretty little girls smiled amiably upon me from under the great gateway as I passed through. For the little girls, if they do not demand postage stamps, evince at least as great a curiosity in the stranger as the boys.

Elisa, with her black eyes and blacker curls, and her lovely little face, which was always so extremely dirty, accompanied me in complete silence upon more than one expedition, responding merely with a broad grin whenever I addressed her. She went with me to visit the Angel Gabriel of the flaming wings in the little Church of San Pietro di Ovile, and it was on that occasion only that she opened her lips to inform me that the boys of that ward were not always polite. I had yet to learn that Elisa had no special justification for her self-righteousness.

Nearly six hundred years have been added to the history of Siena since a little girl, wandering down the steep hill below the cathedral, and lifting her eyes above the austere mass of San Domenico on the opposite height, saw in a vision her Lord in glory, and received His benediction. It was the vision which first revealed to this child of the tanner the special genius and inspiration which, later, were to make her one of the most impressive women of her time and country and so remarkable a power in Christendom. Hers were that genius and inspiration which, aided with great strength of purpose, taught her to control a neurotic temperament and turn it to such great issues.

And not only was she able to sway the wills of popes and emperors, and bring the most hardened sinners to repentance, but, no less notable in so strong a personality, she has left an impression of womanly tenderness and very human friendship, according to the records of her time, upon all those who came into contact with her in the comparatively brief span of life allowed her by her tireless energy and self-privation.

The steep path, the Via del Costone, down to the Fontebranda, is the same which was trodden by the feet of the little St. Catherine when she beheld her first vision, and the steep street up the valley of the dyers to her father's house is still trodden daily by the little girls coming down to fill their pitchers at the fountain associated forever with the saint's childhood. Every romping baby in the gutter will pick itself up to show you the house of the Benincasa, the lower floor of which has been turned into the chapel of the Contrada, and the whole of it rather sadly modernized to meet the demands of devout sight-seers.

Only last year a small boy of San Gimignano, upon being asked his name, replied, with unhesitating and startling directness, "Guido Benincasa, cousin of Santa Caterina of Siena!" His statement was not altogether a rash one, for an uncle of St. Catherine did actually remove himself in days of adversity from Siena to the neighboring "town of the beautiful towers," and in so unchanging a community it is just conceivable that the urchin might claim descent from this kinsman.

But it is a very different scene from any in which the child Catherine could have played a part with which I inevitably associate the Fontebranda. A fragile little boy, fair enough to have stood as a model for the Christ child in Pinturicchio's Holy Family, had attached himself to me with the usual gentle persistence in the Ward of the Dragon. He was nursing a large and

singularly plain baby when I first passed him on the steps of the Campana; but when I came out again he had disposed of the baby, and was prepared to follow me to any point of interest that I might select. No matter that the hour was late, that the churches were closed, and that I had turned into this quiet refuge of old age and destitution for a little leisure. He was soon pattering behind me, with his stout little boots, down the narrow cobble street, under its many arches, which leads through the Ward of the Goose to the famous fountain.

As we passed the groups of little girls playing their last games before bedtime, I found myself wondering whether among them was any embryo St. Catherine, and what place there would be in the busy life of modern Siena for that particular gift of mystic inspiration. As we turned the corner, however, and came in sight of the Fontebranda, where the brown water gushes into the three basins below the lions' heads, my thoughts were rudely interrupted.

From under the colonnade, leaping, as it seemed, from the very water itself, came four water nymphs, their heads crowned with dripping green weeds, and singing, as they danced to meet us, a weird chant, surely of heathen origin. The nymphs, it must be owned, were in torn and dirty frocks, but they were very lovely all the same. Here, indeed, were "nature sprites," come back in the shades of evening from the river in the distant country, back to their original haunt in the fountain of the city, which they had shared with the were-wolves, and from which holy men, and perhaps the child Catherine had long ago banished them. The largest of these naiades, who hung back a little shyly upon recognizing my identity, proved to be Elisa, and I was a little shocked to remember that in human shape she had dared to venture with me into Christian churches. No wonder that

her silence and her grin on these occasions had alike been obdurate.

Naughty Elisa! her black eyes were now dancing with mischief as she winked the water out of them which dripped persistently from her curls. Their mission was not, apparently, one of peace, and the attack was opened by the smallest and the loveliest of the party, a mere toddling nymph, who in human guise could hardly have been more than three. *Cattivo 'ttivo* piped the baby's voice, while she rained blows with her tiny fists upon the gentle, unresisting person of my little guide. Instantly, and before intervention was possible, her example was followed by her elders, who should also have been her betters, including Elisa.

I was paralyzed for the moment by a sense of complete impotence, and bewildered by the chorus of bubbling laughter which accompanied this unlooked-for onslaught. What, after all, can a mere human being do against a band of naiades—and such rowdy naiades? The boy made no effort to defend himself, but he appeared to be neither frightened nor yet amused. His blue eyes merely looked a little more wistful, as some child saint's might have done before his martyrdom, and I felt that here was a contest between Christianity and paganism, in which the powers of evil were too likely to prevail. At that moment, however, a good-natured, indolent young priest slouched out of a neighboring doorway and came to my assistance. Snatching up the baby, who had now turned her attention to the stranger, and, with a really angelic face lifted to mine, was chattering in a tongue I could not possibly understand, he explained that, according to the children's notion, the boy from another contrada was trespassing when he ventured uninvited into the Ward of the Goose. Then, no doubt observing my complete incredulity at so mediaeval a suggestion, he added apologetically, "What would you, Signora? The forestieri give the children soldi, and it makes them naughty; they are not so often"

—and he stroked the baby's head quite as tenderly as if he thought she was a real baby.

I liked this explanation still less, but honesty compelled me to admit that there might be truth in it. I preferred to think that these merry, ill-mannered water-nymphs, who were already scattering under a volley of soft reproaches from the priest, would presently disappear again into the fountain, exorcized, perhaps, for another hundred years. Elisa looked back at me as she ran down the street, her finger in her mouth, a little shamefaced, but a dangerous gleam of mischief still twinkled in her eye. Would she meet me again next day, I wondered, demure and gentle as usual, with only a grin? Well, she did not, and I have never seen her since; so I think of her weaving garlands by some woodland stream out there on the plain, meditating, perhaps, a fresh and mischievous attack upon the strongholds of Christianity.

But meantime the little Pinturicchio boy had vanished—slipped back, no doubt, into the canvas on the walls of the Belle Arti. There I found him next morning, strolling happily away from his mother's knee, one arm tucked into that of the little Baptist, and under the other the Book of Life, still unread—a plaything.

By now the great bells in the brick belfry of San Domenico were swinging above our heads for the Angelus. Up on the fortifications little groups of girls, much more human, but certainly less picturesque than Elisa, were telling their own and one another's fortunes by the petals of the dandelion. Bello—brutto, da Siena—forestiere, etc. It is a momentous question, this of the future husband, so momentous even to the frivolous child of Siena that it successfully distracts her attention from the passers-by.

From nowhere does Siena, the fair city lying on her three hills, look more lovely than from the fortifications and the ancient ramparts of the old fort of St. Barbara. Go there on a spring

morning, when the air is sweet with the scent of wallflowers from the public garden and the military band is practicing in the barracks behind you. Lean over the wall and look down, a giddy height, to the silvery gray olives against the bare brown earth; at the budding vines trained from one pollarded tree to another, the twisted, stunted trunks having all the appearance of gnomes joining hands in a fantastic dance, here and there a flowery torch borne aloft where the tree has thrown out a solitary shoot of blossom. Across the valley of the tanners the cathedral, dazzling white in the morning sun, lies in graceful aloofness above the clustering brown roofs of the town.

Or go again on a June evening, when the whole atmosphere is full of that gold which the early painters used so prodigally, when the wallflower has given place to sweetbriar, and when the old walls themselves are pink with valerian. From below comes the insistent sound of the hitting of the ball and the excited shouts of the players from the game of Pallone, which at this hour is in full progress. All about and around, as far as the eye can travel, is the wide, soft stretch of blue country. Far to the south lies the road to Rome, winding toward the Umbrian plain, through the distant mountains, which are now sinking into purple shadows. Away to the north, over the bare swelling uplands and down to the rich Tuscan country, goes the road to Florence. Here and there the fading light catches some white hill village clinging to its rock, or a sombre clump of cypress betrays the presence of an outlying group of buildings, or of a burial ground. In the foreground the gnome, still absorbed in their grotesque dance, have now rather the appearance of Bacchantes, so luxuriantly are they crowned with vine leaves.

From the campanile of the cathedral, clear cut against the transparent sky, bells of a softer tone are answering those of San Domenico across the valley. And the whole is wrapped in an

ineffable velvet softness. Surely softness of atmosphere, no less than softness of character, has from all time won for this hill city the title of "soft Siena." It is an epithet more entirely comprehensible now, perhaps, than during the chilly winds of spring, when "soft" may apply to everything except the climate. But go when you will Siena will have her own charm, and, like every other Italian city, her own personality. And to discover that personality it is not sufficient to spend your time, however limited that must be, in the study of her more obvious treasures. As you hasten from the Belle Arti to the shell-like piazza whereon stands the Palazzo Pubblico, and from thence up the hill to the cathedral, you will probably, and with excusable impatience, brush aside the importunities of Giovanni and his friends.

If, however, you can bring yourself to linger a few minutes in the market place, or in the busy Via Cavour, at imminent risk to life and limb; if you can dawdle in the sunshine on the green plateau outside San Domenico, or on the steps of the cathedral; if you can even endure to be a little bored by the attentions of these friendly and frivolous children, you will learn something of the material from which those pictures were painted, get some glimpse, perhaps, into the minds of those who long ago helped in the fashioning of Siena's history and of Siena's treasures. For it is not only in her art, in the churches, the museums, and the palaces, but also in the life of her people, that is to be found that element of the eternal which is essential to all greatness.

THE FIRST ROSE.

By FLORENCE M. WILSON.

(From T. P.'s Weekly.)

He came a-wandering from the West,
By twilight ways, through the leafy woods,
Where larches swept against his breast
And whispered of green solitudes.

He put his feadan to his mouth
And played, low-sweet, an olden rann,
Till at his calling, from the South,
The rain fell, soft and silver-wan.

By one gray lough with rushy rim,
Whose sagans sigh a fairy rune,
The far-off piping notes of him
Made Sorrow-music for the June.

I heard his steps pass yester-morn
Fleet as a bird that comes and goes;
"O Joy!" he sang, "for June is born,
Lo! her first gift! this wine-red Rose."

Moslem and Christian in Asia Minor.

By PROF. W. M. RAMSAY.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE war between Christian and Moslem for the soil of Asia Minor began with the invasion of Cilicia by the Mohammedan Arabs in A. D. 641, and ended in a certain sense with the definitive conquest of Cilicia by Sultan Selim about 1516. It would be utterly impossible, within the narrow limits of a single lecture, to sketch even in outline the events of nearly nine hundred years of war. Our time will be better employed in attempting to understand the character of the struggle, the nature of the two powers, those two systems of religion and society, which disputed with one another the possession of what was at one time the richest and most highly civilized part of the world, the peninsula of Anatolia or Asia Minor.

While in itself a well-defined period, this long war forms only an episode in that great epic of history, the never-ending struggle between East and West, between Asiatic and European. The struggle has sometimes taken the form of peaceful intercourse, interpenetration and even amalgamation, but generally of war, open or hidden; and the best hope for the future of the world is that the struggle should be made into a balance and harmony of diverse elements. That Asiatic and European should amalgamate is pronounced impossible by those who see how hopelessly diverse the peoples are; and it must be acknowledged that so long as Europe governs parts of Asia

on purely European methods, the struggle continues in the form of discontent, aversion and potential war. But the experiment has been successfully tried in the past, and may be successful in a still greater degree in the future, if rightly managed.

The crisis of that great struggle has generally lain in Asia Minor, the peninsula which bridges the sea and offers the best road and the chief battle ground between the two continents. In written records we can trace the history from the Trojan War downward; and whatever the purely literary critic may say, no historian can ever disbelieve in the historical groundwork of the "Iliad," just because the Epic of Homer sets before us this first stage in a real movement; the whole of subsequent history is a demonstration that the "Iliad" tells of a war that was really fought out to its issue on the plains of windy Troy.

What a series of epoch-making figures have marched across the stage of Anatolia in history! Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Agesilaus, Alexander and his many successor-kings, Scipio, Mithridates, Lucullus, Pompey, Caesar, mark the scenes during Greek and early Roman times. Under the successors of Alexander a peaceful mingling of the races began, in the great garrison cities which they founded to be centers of the Orientalized Hellenism that marked and consolidated their empires.

In Roman Imperial time this peaceful amalgamation was continued even

more successfully. A Graeco-Roman-Oriental civilization ruled in the Anatolian cities and affected even the villages and the tribal peoples, who had not yet entered on the stage of city life and municipal self-government. The Western power, which had for a short time overrun even Central Asia as far as Bactria and the Indus valley, shrank westward into narrower limits. The Parthian East withstood and threw back every Roman attack. Within the Roman Empire the outlying parts were growing in importance, and the pre-eminence of Rome was becoming an antiquarian survival. The provinces were no longer content to accept their tone from Rome. Their national character began to emerge anew, and their merely provincial character to be less important. In Asia Minor the national lines of demarkation were restored and the Oriental temper began to recreate itself in new ways, alike in art and in thought. Hadrian was the Emperor who first began to observe and respect the new spirit.

The change was entirely a healthy one. It did not imply disintegration of the Empire. It made a true imperial unity possible, a combination of diverse parts all conscious of their own individual diverse characters and of their common brotherhood. To earlier Greek and Roman thought the city was the highest and the dearest idea, and patriotism was the religion of the patria or city; but under the Empire a stage of thought was gradually reached, not merely by a few philosophers but by general consent, in which the sense of brotherhood and participation in the rights of the entire State overpowered the narrower municipal patriotism.

The Christian religion was the fullest expression of this uprising of the provinces against Rome. For a time it seemed as if the new Christian Empire of Constantine and his successors might reinvigorate the Empire. Mommson has well described in two brief sentences the strengthening effect produced on the Government when Christianity became the ruling religion of the State, and the Emperors went over

to it. "The indifference toward religious and intellectual development generally," he adds, "which was characteristic of the imperial administration in the first three centuries, was no element of strength." Even toleration was found to be inconsistent with the aims of the imperial rule; and the Christian Emperors founded their absolutism on the thorough-going support of the Orthodox Church. Their alliance rested on the understanding that each must try to destroy all opponents of the absolute power of the other.

For a time it seemed possible that this great institution, the Empire, might continue to live sound and grow stronger, preserving the proper balance and co-ordination of its parts. But the body social was not healthy enough; the great fault of the Roman Empire, the failure to appreciate the necessity for public education, proved its ruin. The Christian organization suffered from the same cause. There seems to have been in the Church less insistence on the importance of education during the fifth century and later than there had previously been. In 449, at the Council of Constantinople, a bishop who could help to make the laws of the Universal Church was unable to append his own signature because he had not learned his letters. Christianity is the religion of a highly educated people, and when the Church lost its grasp of this fundamental principle it lost its real vitality.

It was perhaps about A. D. 300 that the Church began to lose its hold of this principle. The persecution of Diocletian had exterminated the leading spirits and the freest thought in the Church, and put an end to the generous development, the concession and the liberality by which people of diverse views were practically reconciled in the society of the later third century in Asia Minor. The massacre left no one able to withstand the barbarizing anti-Greek tendencies which some of the extremists and the bigots in the Church had always shown. The policy of massacre is always not merely a crime, which is evanescent in its

effects, but a terrible and lasting blow to civilization and humanity. The massacre carried out by the orders of Diocletian and his co-Emperors not merely weakened the Empire: it hardened and embittered the Church, and left it less friendly to education and refinement. The result gradually was the paganizing of the Church, and the practical reintroduction of the old polytheism under the form of worship of the saints and of images—e. g., the ancient "Mother of the Gods" was restored to the veneration of the multitude as the "Mother of God" during the fifth century.

The paganizing tendency, allied with the artistic instinct, was supported mostly by the Greek and the European element in the Church. The Semitic and the Eastern element generally had a firmer grasp of monotheism; and the strongest opposition which the paganization of the Church provoked was in the East. Such sects and tendencies as the Nestorians, and the later Paulicians and Iconoclasts, were mainly Oriental in origin and character. But the strongest and the most definite and epoch-making reaction against the new Paganism arose on the extreme south-eastern outskirts of the Empire and in the deserts beyond its bounds.

In the heart of Arabia, at the beginning of the seventh century, a new religious idea was born in the mind of Mohammed, an idea in many respects strong, sound and full of the potentiality of development. It was one more attempt to fuse a new compound out of Asiatic thought by the admixture of some Western elements, gathered out of Christian teaching; but its immediate strength lay in its Semitic character. It appealed more directly and easily to the nations on that account; and throughout its history it has possessed the most remarkable and unique power of suddenly raising a barbarian or a savage race to a much loftier moral platform in the first enthusiasm of a new religious idea.

But the fire of inspiration, which really lived at first in Islam, was quenched in the blood of a long career

of continuous war and conquest. The fresh enthusiasm of this young thought went forth to consume the idolatry of the Empire, and sought to achieve this noble purpose by the Holy War and the slaughter of the infidels. The centuries of war and plunder that marked the early course of Islam produced their inevitable brutalizing and degrading effect, as influence fell into the hands of mere brute strength or cunning.

As war became more and more the business of the true believer in Islam, thought, education, religion, society, family life, all deteriorated. Especially, the one fatal error of Islam, viz., the low estimation of woman—which was probably due in great part to the reaction against the idea of the cult of "the Mother of God," and might readily have been gradually eliminated in happier circumstances—that fatal error was intensified by the overwhelming value attached to simple strength and skill in constant fighting; the intellectual and spiritual standard among women was depreciated; and the inevitable result was the destruction of all that training of the young in ideals in the home by the mother which alone can make a progressive people, and which is so painfully lacking in the land of Turkey.

Hence the history of Islam everywhere is marked by a sudden elevation to a lofty height of burning enthusiasm, followed by a long and steady decay. In happier circumstances, more favorable to development, Islam might have continued to be, as it was at first, a purer and higher faith than that of the debased and paganized Church; and the fiery enthusiasm with which its simple and lofty monotheism was hailed by its converts might have been worked into a growing and healthy social system. It contained within itself much of the essential thought of Christianity; and the fundamental dogma that Jesus was divine, whereas Mohammed was human, possessed vast potentiality.

Such were the two forms of religion, with different social ideals and systems founded on them, which fought

for the soil of Anatolia—the paganized Church and the monotheistic reaction from paganism—the former with its gaudy ceremonial and holy painted images and gold or tinsel and finery of every degree, the latter with its grave and simple dignity. In the long wars which followed almost all intermediate and reconciling forms of belief were annihilated or expelled—the purer and nobler sects of Christians on the one hand, the purer and nobler possibilities of Islam on the other. Massacre and war became the method on both sides, and massacre and war are always permanently harmful, often absolutely fatal, to human progress.

In 622 Mohammed was fleeing from Mecca for his life, alone, without a follower. In 641 his followers, having already overwhelmed the whole of Syria, crossed into Cilicia by the pass of the Syrian Gates, and the long struggle for Asia Minor began. At first the sea was the chosen line of attack, for thus it was possible to strike direct at the Roman capital, now no longer Rome, but Constantinople. The center of gravity of the Empire shifted toward the East, as Diocletian perceived; but it was Constantine who saw where the exact center of gravity lay, and his insight re-made the Empire and determined all subsequent history.

Beyond any other city of the world, Constantinople derives its importance from its situation. No other city could have defended the West against the power of the East, and maintained Christianity against Islam, for 1,000 years. Diocletian had not erred far from the right center. Nicomedia, which he selected, was a great city, possessing some remarkable advantages of situation at the head of that sea-arm which stretches furthest into the land of Asia Minor. But Nicomedia could never have stood against the power of the East as Constantinople did. Chalcedon, on its narrow little neck of land over against Constantinople, had some advantages of situation, but could never have become a great or a strong city.

Constantinople is unique in another

respect. I know of no other city which stands outside of the country for which it is the best center of communication and distribution; but that is the case with Constantinople. The land-roads of Asia Minor meet at Nicomedia, not very far away; but Constantinople is the place where the seaways converge. Cyzicus is its only rival in the latter respect, but Cyzicus is hopelessly far away from the center of the land-roads. Smyrna now, and Ephesus and Miletus of old, were doors to communicate with the West, not real centers.

With that instinct which in their early years of conquest made them strike direct at the heart of their foe, the Mohammedans at the very beginning of their war in Asia Minor aimed at Constantinople. In 654 the great fleet destined for the capture of that city sailed from Tripoli; but it gained so dear a victory on the Lycian coast that it had to return to Syria. In 668 the enterprise was renewed, and Constantinople was besieged intermittently for seven years. Had the capital fallen the whole country of Anatolia, deprived of head and guidance, accustomed to depend entirely on the central autocracy and the army, must have fallen under the power of the Khalifs, and the population would have been presented with the choice between Islam and death or slavery. In 617 another unsuccessful attempt was made to capture the great city.

The two sieges of Constantinople marked the utmost limit of Mohammedan advance; but the turning of the wave of conquest was not a case where the tide having reached its natural limit began to turn and to ebb. The full strength of the flood in its first impulse beat on the defenses of Constantinople, and beat in vain. The other method of gradual conquest had to be tried; and gradual conquest meant three centuries of almost ceaseless war in Asia Minor.

Even when there was nominally peace between the Khalif and the Emperor, Saracen government was too loose to control its own forces, and raids of regular armies from Tarsus,

the western metropolis of the Arab power, swept over the Roman country practically every year, often twice in one year. The country had lain open and hardly defended before them for many years, until Leo the Isaurian reorganized the army, restored vigor to the Empire, repelled the second Moslem assault on Constantinople, and gained the first decisive victory in a pitched battle, fairly fought on land against a Saracen army in 739 at Akroenos. The situation of this battle proves the line of march to have been along the great road through Phrygia Paroreios, the line indicated by nature as the best for a great army of invasion, described by the Arab soldier and geographer Ibn Khordadbeh, and traversed by many great armies before and since.

The fixing of the true site of that obscure town Akroenos, by an argument founded on a historical incident occurring centuries later and described by Anna Comnena, was one of the earliest results of the Asia Minor Exploration Fund in 1882; and the discovery was the needed foundation for a study of the Saracen Wars. The site had previously been falsely assigned on a very plausible and seductive line of reasoning, which is related to such a strange romance of literature and religion that I must dwell on it for a brief space.

The army of the Saracens was led by a famous general, Seid-el-Batal-el-Ghazi (Seid the Wicked the Conqueror), who was killed in the battle. The graves of the Conqueror and of the Greek princess, his wife, are shown to the present day at a town in the north of Phrygia which bears his name, within a large Tekke, or sacred building, dedicated to his memory. Where he fell there he was buried; the case at the first glance seemed complete, and was accepted without question by the historian Finlay. But this Mohammedan foundation is, of course, only of the Turkish period. How was Seid's memory preserved at the place where he died among the Christians for four centuries or more? And how does his

wife, the Christian princess, lie beside him? She was not killed in the battle, and she can hardly have come to this remote town to devote herself at his grave.

We have here only a religious legend. Seid-el-Ghazi became in some unexplained way one of the great heroes of the Bektash Dervishes and of the Turkish conquest of Asia Minor. His memory is hallowed at many places over the country, on the lonely top of Argæus, at the ancient Hittite city on the borders of Lycaonia and Cappadocia, as well as in the north-Phrygian town that bears his name. That his grave is shown at the Tekke is due not only to any real burial there, or to any memory of his death perpetuated there, but simply to that unfailing religious principle in Anatolia that every sacred place must be marked by a grave. Such was the law of the ancient Anatolian religion of Cybele, or Artemis, or whatever local name was used for the goddess.

The same sacred places were marked by the graves of Christian saints, and now holy places by the thousand all over Asia Minor are distinguished by the grave of some Mohammedan hero or saint. In every case the grave has been the center of the religious awe attaching to the locality, and is so still. One finds the grave of the same Mohammedan hero in several parts of Anatolia; and the religious map of the country which I have long desired to see compiled by the combined labors of several explorers would doubtless show several graves of Seid the Conqueror.

His wife, the Christian princess, is not a whit more historical than his grave. She is merely part of the religious legend. There is an obvious reason for making her a Christian: she passes on to her husband the right of inheritance according to primitive Anatolian custom of inheritance in the female line. The hero of the Mohammedan conquest must marry the heiress and legitimize his violent seizure of the property. It is a striking fact, and one which must be borne in mind in order to comprehend rightly the relation be-

tween Moslem and Christian in Turkey, that there are so many circumstances, stories, beliefs and customs, showing the recognition by the Moslems of a certain priority and superiority of right that belongs to the Christians.

At Constantinople you have the sacred spring with the fish which shall never be caught until the Christians recover possession of the city: the spring is as sacred to Mohammedans as to Christians, and on the day of the Panegyris you see both taking part in the ceremony and availing themselves of the curative powers of the holy water. In various other Greek festivals in different parts of Asia Minor the Turks also participate. At Thyatira there is a mosque in which is a column that weeps whenever a Christian enters; and high above the roof is a small cross, the removal of which would cause the collapse of the mosque (which was once a church, round and of quite unusual architectural character). At Konia the Church of St. Amphilochius was transformed into a mosque, but every Moslem who prayed in it died, so that it was abandoned, and a wooden clock-tower built on the roof. In Damascus and Jerusalem and elsewhere familiar legends speak of the prospect that the Christians may recover possession of the churches that have been transformed into mosques, or even of the cities and of the entire country.

A certain sense of the evanescence and incompleteness of their rights is shown by legends like these, current among the Turks and in some cases among the Arabs before them. There is no irreconcilability between the two parties, when such beliefs are common; and every one that has lived in Turkey can attest this easiness of relations between the two religions. The inference is inevitable, and I venture to quote it from the first book I wrote on this country. "I believe that the Turks as soldiers and the Greeks as traders will, united, make a happier country than either race could by itself." The conciliation is easy, and follows at once

naturally wherever there is fair and orderly administration.

The defense of Asia Minor against the Saracen raids was organized by the Iconoclast Emperors. It consisted partly in a remodeling of the army to suit the new conditions of warfare, partly in a great system of castle-fortresses, and partly in a reinvigoration of the people of the country, teaching them to trust more to themselves. The fortresses were no longer, as in Roman time, scientifically constructed, and dependent for their strength on the discipline and courage of their garrisons. Such fortresses had proved too weak to stand against the headlong enthusiasm and desperate assault of the Mussulmans.

The Byzantine castles were now defended by their inaccessible position. They were planted sometimes on lofty rocks, accessible only by a narrow steep path or even by steps alone, sometimes on the summit of high hills, up whose long steep slopes no assault could be pressed. Such castles were proof against any sudden attack which could be made in the yearly raids of the Saracens, but they could not easily be supplied with food and water sufficient to last through a regular siege.

After A. D. 739, however, the first enthusiasm of Islam was spent, and it was only on rare occasions that a Khalif, roused generally by some personal cause, exerted himself to make a serious attempt to subdue the country; and every one of those attempts, having no support in any real religious enthusiasm, was quickly abandoned, after reducing a few of the Byzantine castles, burning a few cities, and carrying into slavery some thousands of Christians. The castles thus captured were abandoned and reoccupied by the Byzantine troops.

The true defense of Asia Minor during those centuries of suffering lay in the immense strength and recuperative power of civilized society, welded together by a long-established system of reasoned law and by a common religion. The Saracen raiders swept over the country, captured every city, prac-

tically, throughout the whole of Asia Minor, in many cases over and over again, burned towns and houses, and carried captive and held to ransom Christians by the thousand. Yet they produced no permanent effect in breaking the resistance. After every wound the flesh of the Byzantine body polittic healed forthwith. The country was well peopled and highly cultivated, and one or two harvests restored a district to wealth and prosperity.

Nor does it appear that the more slowly-growing sources of wealth were seriously injured. Olive groves and vineyards, if thoroughly destroyed, take years to recreate; especially is this true of the olive, the tree of civilization, which can flourish only where right of property is firmly established and the planter can look forward with confidence to reaping the fruit of his labor after fifteen years or more, and which dies out (or rather goes back to a wild state) wherever a Moslem population is in sole possession. The measure of the destruction was that stated in the book of the Revelation vi., 6, scarcity and dearth, but not permanent destruction, the cereals injured but not the trees destroyed: "A measure of wheat sold at a denarius, but the olive and the vine left."

The war was fought between a lower society and a higher, between the loose organization of the Moslem Government and the elaborate, minutely-wrought-out system of Roman law and administration. When the first headlong rush of the Moslem enthusiasts was broken against the walls of Constantinople, the superior lasting power of the Roman State came into play; and the issue, though long delayed, was not doubtful, except in so far as the incapacity of some rulers and frequent civil wars between rival claimants wasted the resources of the Byzantine Empire. Finlay has seen this truth better than some more modern historians.

The Roman Empire, though badly governed in many ways, was better governed, more contented and more prosperous by far than any other. Even

in respect of fiscal oppression, while complaints are numerous, the facts are not so certain as is often assumed. Probably it was rather the incidence of taxation than its amount that was unfair and oppressive. The complaints of the taxpayers should not be taken too hastily as the standard of truth; even those who complained may have known that they were better off after all than they would have been in any other state of the time. This is a subject which deserves and will repay more careful and thorough investigation than it has ever received.

What was the real condition of the middle classes in Anatolia in the sixth century before the Saracen wars began, and in the tenth century after they ended? My impression, a mere theory depending on far from sufficient study and knowledge, is that the mass of the population was well off, that the country was highly cultivated and prosperous, that there was comparatively little oppression, and that justice was fairly well administered. We hear of the exceptional cases, where there was injustice and oppression and need; we hear little of the general average situation. As to the permanent effect produced on the country by the Saracen wars, I doubt if it was very great. The lack of an efficient police system had always been the most serious defect of the Roman administration. It continued to be so. The lack of higher education and higher ideals of life was always manifest in the ordinary citizens of the Empire. That also continued to be so.

The Iconoclast Emperors, by reinvigorating the state, stemmed the tide of Saracen invasion, and the Macedonian dynasty rolled it back. Iconoclasm had not been able to establish itself as the religion of the Empire, for image-worship was too deeply fixed in the heart of the people. The reaction against images passed away along with an effete dynasty. But the Iconoclasts had done their work, and left for the Orthodox Macedonian Emperors the task of gathering the fruits of the reinvigoration of the Empire. The task

required ability and energy, and the Macedonian dynasty deserves credit for a great work; but it was the Iconoclasts that did the hardest work and received the least credit for their achievement.

After a century of Macedonian success, Cilicia and North Syria, which had experienced more than three centuries of Moslem rule, were restored to the Empire by Nicephorus Phocas about 965 A. D. The Roman Empire was extended more widely on the eastern side than ever before. The loosely agglutinated Moslem power had proved unfit to make any permanent impression on the close, firm texture of a state held together by Roman law and Roman organization.

Those who love to speculate about the "might have been" in past history will find an enticing subject in theorizing about what might have been if Islam had conquered Constantinople and Asia Minor at the first rush in the seventh century, and had thus become heir to all the organization and law and administrative methods that Roman genius and experience had elaborated. Would Islam have profited by the teaching? Would it have learned how to construct a well-balanced social system and a stable government? Would it have been able to develop the finest side of its nature, and eliminate gradually the worse ideas? Would it have approximated to the purer and simpler forms of Christianity, for which the Mohammedan who really comes in contact with them seems always to feel a strong sympathy? Would it have been recognized by the world in general as the first successful form of Protestantism? Circumstances hitherto have denied to Islam the development of which it is capable, but there are signs that the denial will not last for ever.

The war in Asia Minor began again after a century of unquestioned Christian rule. It opened with startling suddenness. In 1071 a single battle laid the whole country prostrate and helpless before a new Mohammedan people, the Seljuk Turks. The Byzantine Emperor was taken prisoner, and

the State was distracted by the rivalry of three candidates for the throne. These vied with one another and with the captive Emperor for the favor and support of the invaders, and the successful claimant seems to have acknowledged the Seljuks as masters of three-fourths of Asia Minor. I say "seems to have acknowledged," for there is a hiatus in the records, and no historian tells the shameful facts exactly.

Asia Minor had been equally prostrate and helpless before the Saracens about the end of the seventh century, and had recovered strength with astonishing ease. The Seljuk conquest was more lasting. The reasons for this difference are twofold. They lie partly in the nature of the Turkish invaders and partly in the demoralized state of Byzantine Asia Minor.

The Saracens had never held a foot of land on the north side of the Taurus Mountains outside the range of their weapons at the moment. But the Turkish armies were followed by a terrible ally, the Turkmens or nomad tribes, who poured over the country like a sea. What the reason of this vast migration may have been, whether desiccation of Central Asia or some other cause drove those tribes westward in search of pasture for their cattle, it is not for me to say.

The fact is recorded by the Byzantine historians, who distinguish these Turkmen or Nomads (as they call them) from the Turks, just as the distinction of Turk and Turkmen is clearly marked and familiar to every native and every traveler at the present day. These tribes swooped down on the land, driving their flocks with them; they destroyed the bonds of communication which held society together, made the roads untraversable and dangerous, and quickly reduced a great part of Asia Minor from the settled to the nomadic stage of existence.

The civilized population of the plains disappeared before them, whether by flight or by massacre or by dying out in presence of a more vigorous race. Presumably the smaller villages of the

Christians were abandoned first, then the larger villages, and even some of the cities ceased to exist or existed only as winter quarters for a few Nomads. No details are recorded by the formal historians, but probably much is yet to be learned from less ambitious writers.

Often the names of villages preserve the memory of a process that must have taken some time. A new Moslem village, Islam-Keui or Seljukler, existed for a time beside the old Christian town, but the Christians ceased to exist, and both became equally Moslem. This is the only way by which barbarism can conquer a civilized and organized society, apart from actual extermination of the civilized people—viz., by breaking up the fabric and constitution of the superior society and reducing it to disconnected atoms, which gradually melt away in the flood.

The second cause which rendered the Turkish conquest of Asia Minor more complete and permanent than the Saracen lay in the declining vitality, the loss of imperial patriotism and the growing disintegration of the Empire. The century of recovered power had not increased but rather decreased its real vigor. The intolerance and persecution of the orthodox Macedonian dynasty had been in some degree restrained so long as the Saracen wars enforced the necessity of union against the danger from outside, but when the pressure was withdrawn the later Emperors gave free rein to the spirit of absolutism in civil and intolerance in religious government.

The union of the Autocracy and the Orthodox Church was dangerous and even destructive to freedom, vigor and life. The heretics, who had always been strong on the Anatolian plains, found that their life was a burden under the most Christian Emperors, and the Orthodox historians allow the fact to appear that the heretics welcomed the dominion of the Turks as a relief from Byzantine Christian tyranny. Probably they found at a later stage that the new state of things

was no better than the old, but no record of their feelings and experiences is known. They disappeared entirely in the steady decay and disintegration of civilized society. Partly doubtless their Oriental temperament found the spirit of Islam not wholly uncongenial, and they gradually adopted its outward forms in their recoil from the more hated forms of the Orthodox Church.

This process went on steadily, but probably slowly. A study of the subject is wanted. Meanwhile the staying power of the Roman organization displayed itself amid its decay. Under a succession of the three able Emperors of the Comnenian dynasty, Alexis, John and Manuel, the imperial power revived. The Seljuk Turks, who in the latter part of the eleventh century were holding a large part of Bithynia, with the great city of Nicaea, and were thus almost within touch of the coast of the Sea of Marmora facing Constantinople, were in the twelfth century defending their distant capital Konia with some difficulty against the Byzantine armies, and occasionally abandoning it to the Latin soldiers of the first and third Crusades. The former after capturing Nicaea and handing it over to Byzantine rule must have held Konia also, though the movements of their forces are obscure and badly recorded. Barbarossa in 1186 entered Konia in triumph and marched onward to his death in the waters of the Calycadnus close to the southern sea. This reinforcement materially aided the revival of Byzantine dominion in Asia Minor, however bad was the feeling between Latin and Greek Christians, for it seriously weakened the Seljuk power.

In 1175 Manuel Comnenus made a great attempt to reconquer Asia Minor. As the climax of the preparations of three successive reigns, he had arrayed one of the strongest armies that ever trod the soil of Anatolia. It contained the finest troops of the Empire, among whom the traditions of the Roman soldiery were not wholly lost, and these were strengthened by Varangian infantry and Norman knights. The best that Europe could give from its most

warlike nations marched along with the Roman army. The leader was an Emperor whose earlier career had been marked by feats of romantic daring, but the enervating influence of thirty years of autocracy and flattery had deteriorated his character, spoiled his nerve, and destroyed his sanity of judgment. From long experience he knew that no Turkish army could stand in open fight against the soldiers whom he led, and from pure obstinate confidence and contempt for all precaution, against the advice of his officers, he led a long, disorderly column in face of the Turks into such a position that the bulk of the army was jammed up with its baggage into a dense mass, where weapons could hardly be raised, where fighting was impossible, and where the Turks slew the helpless crowd like sheep. And so ended the dream that Rome might reconquer Asia Minor.

The Seljuk Sultanate passed through the usual course of a Mohammedan dynasty, growing weaker and less capable and less energetic as time passed, and the Empire or the Seljuks was broken up and divided between a number of petty chiefs when the central power became too weak to hold the country together. The Roman Emperors of Constantinople had the opportunity of recovering their old sovereignty in Asia Minor, but the Roman Empire had lost its cohesion. It was held together only by the unity of the Orthodox Church, a great power in some respects, but not the bond which can make a strong, offensive and recreative State. Thus we pass on to the last stage but one of Byzantine story, the most melancholy part of human history, where every competing power is feeble and bad, where hardly a gleam of hope from any source lights the path, where all is decay and disorganization, weakness and folly, or mere rapine and the most selfish and heartless and short-sighted plundering.

Almost the sole relief in those dull and contemptible pages of history is in the story of Philadelphia in Lydia, which long maintained itself as a free,

self-governing State, abandoned by the Christian Empire, surrounded but not submerged by the flood of Islam, soldiers and Nomads, until at last it was compelled to yield, not to a Mohammedan army, but to a coalition between the most Christian Emperor of Constantinople and the worn-out power of the Turks. There is no more typical moment in this disgraceful period of history than the scene when this free and noble city, a small city which had only a little strength, which had not denied the name of Christ and previously had never made terms with His enemies, which had stood like a pillar in the midst of desolation, at last yielded to the shameful union of Byzantine and Turkish soldiery, and opened its gates on more honorable terms than were granted to any other Christian city of Asia Minor.

The wearisome history of all that long war is not a story of growing strength in the attack on the Christian Empire, but of growing weakness within the Empire, and the cause was always the same: hatred of sect against sect, mutual intolerance and disunion, the denial in practice by all sects alike of every principle of Christian ethics and brotherly love, which all talked about in empty and pretentious homilies, but which none of them ever acknowledged in act so far as to concede one jot or one tittle from their full claims for absolute domination. Nothing in history is so shameful and so contemptible as the brawls of Christian sect against sect and priest against priest, where all alike show that in their struggle for the triumph of their wretched parodies of principles they have lost hold on the real qualities of Christianity.

And so Mohammedanism conquered in Asia Minor, and we pass on to the last stage of all, the triumph of the Osmanli Turks, originally a small tribe of Nomads in the Bithynian hill country, taking its name from its first important chief, Osman. The Osmanlis from their position had been brought more closely into relation with the Roman State than either Saracens or Seljuks.

and they conquered, not by creating a new social and political organization, but by grafting on Mohammedanism some of the devices and methods of Roman government.

The Osmanli chiefs saw wherein lay the military strength of the Roman State, for that proud old name even yet survived and had some real power; they saw that nothing could conquer the Roman army but a trained standing army. Such an army could not be created by Islam from its own resources, but the Osmanlis perceived that it could be constructed out of Christian material. Few more diabolic perversions of human ingenuity have ever occurred than when the system of the Janissaries was formed as a permanent strength to Osmanli power. A harvest of Christian infants was gathered regularly and trained up as a standing Moslem army of skilled soldiers, whose business from infancy had been the practice of arms. The battles against the Christian powers of Europe and against Constantinople itself were won by this terrible engine of slaughter.

Turkish battles were henceforth won, first by wearing down the strength of the opposing army in a long fight against the loose squadrons of Osmanli troops, who could waste time and squander their lives in being defeated, and then at last bringing up the real strength of the Moslem army, the Janissaries, to annihilate the tired and victorious soldiers of Europe. The Moslem conquest was made possible at last, not by real Moslem strength, but by Osmanli skill in playing off Chris-

tian against Christian. Christianity can conquer only by union against the floods of barbarism which are always and everywhere threatening to engulf and drown out civilization in the world, and union is never possible unless the sects of Christians, each falsely claiming to be the right and true Christianity, learn to respect each other's opinions.

The struggle for possession of Asia Minor has not ended; it is going on now; but in recent years the weapons with which it is waged are schools and colleges and railways. Yet there are strong forces that tend to bring in again the method of war: Pan-Islamism aims determinedly at destroying by massacre and war the growth of civilization in Turkey, and through the quarrels of Germany and England we have been drifting steadily toward that end. The American schools and colleges are the great civilizing agency, because they aim at creating an educated class among all nationalities, not converting their pupils to a foreign and un-Oriental form of religion, but making Greeks better Orthodox Greeks, Armenians better Gregorians, Bulgarians better Bulgarians, Turks better Mohammedans. For my own part I feel that a right development of the great ideas inherent in Mohammedanism is possible, that it is making some progress, that this is the only useful and hopeful path, and that the necessary first step in it, the creation of ideals and aspirations among the Moslem women, is being made at the present time.



Alcohol and Tobacco.

By R. BRUDENELL CARTER.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

A LARGE amount of attention has of late been directed, by sanitarians, philanthropists, and social reformers, to the possible action upon the community, and especially upon the young, of the national habits in relation to the consumption of alcohol and of tobacco, even in cases in which these habits do not approach the confines of what would commonly be described as excess. At a meeting recently held in the City of London, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, men of business were seriously invited, by medical and other speakers, to consider the possibly detrimental effect of the ordinary use of alcohol upon "commercial efficiency;" and juvenile smoking is beginning to be seriously regarded by many observers as at least an element in producing an alleged tendency toward physical deterioration among important sections of the English people.

In these circumstances the prominent positions held by alcohol and tobacco as contributors to the national revenue, as the bases of great industries, and as sources of gratification to many thousands of persons, although they should in no way render us unmindful of any evil influences which the agents in question may exert, should undoubtedly render us careful in scrutinizing the character and value of any evidence which may be brought against them.

If we take first the effects of alcohol, it is much to be regretted, in the interests of truth, that the attainment

of complete scientific knowledge of these effects has been impeded by a certain element of fanaticism which has frequently been displayed by the advocates of total abstinence, even when they have been persons from whom calmness of judgment and adherence to fact might not unreasonably have been expected; and, among the forms of mischief brought about by this fanaticism, none have been more manifest than those of a reactionary character, producing a popular tendency to dismiss, as exaggerations, even the most reasonable warnings against the seduction of indulgence.

No one, probably, now denies the ill-consequences which attend upon alcoholic excess, or seeks to palliate the evils of habitual drunkenness; but the question of the legitimate uses of alcohol is still much under debate, and the controversialists appear to have no present prospect of arriving at any agreement with regard to it.

The animal body is interpenetrated, in all its parts, by a structure known to anatomists as "connective tissue," which envelops every fibre of nerve or muscle, every blood vessel, every cell of nerve, or gland, or bone, or fat, in such a way that if all other structures were abolished or withdrawn the connective tissue would still represent the bodily outline in its entirety, and, if possessed of sufficient rigidity, would preserve its unaltered form. It follows that any general contraction of this all-pervading tissue must compress the structures which it sur-

rounds and contains, and must tend at once to diminish the blood-supply which they receive, to check the activity with which their ordinary functions are performed, and to lead eventually to structural degeneration of their essential parts. Some contraction of this kind appears to be the process by which the best known of the admittedly injurious effects of alcohol are produced. The actual contraction and its effects are alike most manifest in the larger glands, such as the liver and kidneys, and in the brain.

When alcohol is taken in small quantity, in a freely diluted condition, and combined with agreeable flavoring matters, as in a glass of light beer or cider, it seems to have no other appreciable immediate effect than the relief of a thirst which itself is often of a very artificial character, and any superfluity of actual water which may thus be swallowed is speedily removed from the system through natural channels. To what extent the alcoholic element is removed together with the water, or to what extent it is retained to be afterward burnt up and eliminated in the respiratory process, is a question on which physiological chemistry does not yet appear to be able to speak with certainty. Different conclusions with regard to it have been reached by different observers, and have seemed, sometimes at least, to harmonize suspiciously with their previously declared opinions.

When alcohol is taken in a more concentrated form, as in a glass of generous wine, the pleasure afforded to the palate is distinctly enhanced by a sense of comfortable warmth in the region of the stomach, and by a feeling of exhilaration which speedily succeeds thereto. The sense of warmth is due to the local effect of the stimulant in causing a flow of blood toward the stimulated part; and is the probable foundation of the popular belief in alcohol as a cold-resisting agency. This belief is absolutely erroneous; for nothing can be more certain than that a dose of alcohol lowers the tempera-

ture of the body as a whole, and that anything more than a very small quantity of it is definitely injurious when severe cold is to be encountered. The feeling of exhilaration is probably due partly to the sensation of warmth itself, but in great measure to the first general effect of alcohol upon the nervous system—an effect which chiefly displays itself as a slackening or removal of restraint.

Many bodily operations are habitually controlled by the nervous system in the sense of being "inhibited," that is to say, of being kept within certain limits. There is a nerve, for example, which restrains the action of the heart; and it is known that, if the functions of this nerve be checked or suspended, the heart will beat wildly and irregularly. In the same way, judging from analogy and experience, some restraint is exercised by a well-balanced nervous system over the order and the rapidity of succession of the thoughts, with the result that a certain gravity and decorum are maintained, and that the facts of life are regarded in their correct relative proportions to each other.

Under the influence of alcoholic stimulation and normal grip upon the thoughts, so to speak, early becomes relaxed, the currents of associated ideas become more rapid, the possible consequences of injudicious speech are forgotten or ignored, and checks which would be imposed by prudence are apt to be cast aside. Under this influence, if it be not carried too far, the shy or silent man may become a brilliant talker, and an ordinarily sluggish brain may be roused into temporary activity. It would be through this action that Addison, according to Macaulay, "found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect," and by its aid overcame the timidity which, in the presence of strangers, arrested his unrivalled powers as a conversationalist.

Everyone has seen farther stages of the same effect, during which in-

creased rapidity of thought has passed into incoherence, and incoherence into stupor, while volitional control over muscular movements was early impaired and ultimately suspended. The resulting condition may be described as acute alcoholic poisoning, and is clearly due to the presence of alcohol in the circulating blood, and to its deleterious effect upon the cells of the brain and other nervous centres to which it is conveyed. The acute stage is usually followed by headache, by nausea or sickness, and by various evidences of severe disturbance of the digestive functions; and these consequences pass away as the alcohol is gradually eliminated from the system. A single occasion of drunkenness—that is, of acute alcoholic poisoning—may probably be perfectly recovered from, leaving no physical injury behind.

It is a favorite contention of total abstainers that alcohol is never of any real use in the organism, that any temporary increase of physical energy or of intellectual activity which it may apparently produce is always followed by a corresponding or even a greater degree of reaction, and that it contributes nothing to the repair or the maintenance of the tissues.

It does not appear to me that either of these contentions can be maintained. I have often experienced, or at least have believed, that, when tired or jaded, a glass of wine has helped me to pull myself together for an effort to meet some urgent professional requirement; and I have not been conscious of any subsequent depression. I have seen, and so, I think, must every man in large medical practice, many instances in which life has been maintained for long periods upon alcohol alone, or at least upon the forms and combinations in which it is commonly administered, and in which, if it did not actually maintain the bodily tissues, it yet saved them from destruction by being itself burnt off as fuel for the maintenance of animal heat.

I attach far more importance to sick-

room experiences of this kind than to laboratory experiments, even when these have not been instituted merely for the support of a foregone conclusion; and I think there is valid evidence that, in the great majority of persons, a small amount of alcohol may in some way be utilized in the economy, and that, either by sustaining heat, by inhibiting waste, or by supplying material for the maintenance of tissue, it may be used up with beneficial results, or at least without injury, to the consumer. There is an apparent, but I think not a real contradiction, between the statement that alcohol ordinarily lowers the bodily temperature and the statement that it may in certain circumstances supply fuel by which the temperature is maintained. When there is already an abundant fuel supply, alcohol appears to diminish the rate of combustion; although, when there is a deficiency, it may itself be utilized. If we throw a quantity of coal dust upon a brisk fire we shall damp it down for a time, but we shall also preserve it from complete extinction for a considerable period.

It is nevertheless probable that the amount of alcohol which can be habitually consumed beneficially, or even quite harmlessly, is, for the majority of people, far less than they are commonly accustomed to believe; and it is also probable that the customary sensations of average well-being, of which the majority of moderate drinkers are presumably conscious, usually represent a standard of health somewhat lower than that which would actually be attainable by the same individuals.

In other words, there is reason to believe that the ordinary citizen in comfortable circumstances consumes, as a rule, more alcohol than is good for him, or than he can eliminate without some degree of injury; and that to some unknown extent he thereby diminishes his prospects of longevity and his power of resisting the inroads of disease. Whether the pleasure afforded by the alcohol be worth the consequences of consuming it is, of course,

a question for individual consideration; but it is certain that hundreds of prosperous men die in the course of their seventh decade, or even earlier, who, if they had been total abstainers, would probably have lived ten years longer.

When alcohol is habitually consumed in excess of the moderate quantity which can be utilized with benefit, or at least without apparent injury, the excess appears to bring about a long succession of nutritive changes, of which the immediate cause, as already mentioned, is a slow overgrowth and contraction of the connective tissue, apt to be especially manifest in those portions of it which form the supporting fabric of the brain, the liver, and the kidneys. The slowly increasing interstitial compression to which these great vital organs are thus subjected has the two-fold effect of gradually cutting off the blood supply which is essential to the performance of their functions, and of strangling and destroying the cells which constitute the essential portions of their structure.

The rate of progress of such changes, and the speed with which they undermine the powers of life, are very variable, but may perhaps be said to depend mainly upon three factors—the amount and regularity of the alcoholic excess, the amount of food consumed, and the amount of exercise taken. The influence of the first of these factors must be so obvious as to require no consideration, unless it be necessary to point out that different persons display different powers of resistance to the effects of alcohol, and that no complete or sufficient explanation of these differences has hitherto been forthcoming.

The amount of food consumed is a matter of supreme importance, and the more so because a certain degree of habitual excess in eating is scarcely condemned by public opinion, or regarded in its true light by many who would be described as educated people. It has been well said that vast numbers of persons "dig their graves with

their teeth," or in other words, that they habitually consume an amount of superfluous food which casts a heavy burden upon the organs by which such superfluity is removed. These organs are mainly the liver and the kidneys, and to overtax them is to permit the body to be poisoned by its own waste.

It is manifest that if they are not only overtaxed, but at the same time impeded in their activity by changes in their connective tissue produced by alcohol, the two evils will react upon and aggravate each other, and that the effects of self-poisoning will be increased and accentuated by those of structural degeneration.

The consequences of common habits of life may be seen any day in the obituary list of the "Times" paper, referring, as it does, exclusively or chiefly to the well-to-do. That list, for the day on which these words are written, and which was taken absolutely at random, contained thirty-five names, and the ages of the deceased persons were given in twenty-seven instances. Among them were seven persons in their eighth decade, and one gentleman of ninety-four; but the ages of the remaining nineteen reduced the average age at death to sixty-seven, and, when the eight long-lived persons were omitted, the average age of the nineteen was only sixty years and six months.

People are said to die of gout, or of heart disease, or of kidney disease, or of liver disease, or of a complication of these maladies; but what they really die of, when they die prematurely, is usually degeneration of tissue consequent upon superfluous food and upon superfluous wine, or upon the daily recurring overtaxation of the vital organs by which the processes of nutrition are conducted or controlled. Sometimes we find the premature death ascribed to pneumonia, or to influenza, or to accident; and we may generally read between the lines of the announcement that the powers of vital

resistance had previously been reduced below their proper standard.

What is the meaning of the annual exodus of rich people to foreign watering places and "cures," except that good cockery and fine wines have tempted them to the daily overindulgence of undisciplined appetites, and that they seek, in comparative or complete abstinence, and in violent medication, what is at best a temporary relief from discomfort and a temporary renewal of their power to do violence to the dictates of nature and of common sense? "Nature," Sir Andrew Clark used to say, "never forgets and seldom forgives."

The foregoing observations are intended, of course, to apply only to persons, or classes of persons, who lead perfectly orderly and decorous lives, and who would be shocked and indignant if they were individually described as the victims of excess. This, however, is precisely what they are; for the proper measure of excess, in respect of food and of alcoholic drink, is furnished by the amount of either or of both which can be employed for the purpose of making good the daily expenditure incidental to the processes of life.

Everything beyond this becomes itself an occasion of effort for its mere removal; and if the effort be not made, becomes a source of poisoning, the tendency of which is to be cumulative, and to display itself now and again in a more or less explosive fashion, in the guise of a fit of gout or of a so-called "bilious attack." It is self-evident that a very small consumption of food will permit of a more free indulgence in alcohol, and that total abstinence from alcohol will permit of a more free indulgence in food than would be possible if what may perhaps be described as a moderate degree of excess were to be practiced in both directions at once.

It is the ordinary daily "good dinner," perhaps eaten too quickly for its more than satisfying character to be recognized, and the superfluous

glass or glasses of wine attendant upon it, that do the mischief in ordinary life and among reputable people. The existence of the sot may undoubtedly be prolonged by the diminished inclination for food which follows from the injury done by alcohol to his digestion; and the advantages of abstinence from alcohol may as undoubtedly be diminished, in a large proportion of cases, by the amount of food, and especially of sweet dishes, frequently consumed by total abstainers.

In order to obtain the full benefit of their self-denial, if self-denial it be, the latter estimable class should act upon a precept which was much inculcated by the grandparents and great-grandparents of the present generation, and should "rise from table with an appetite." On the whole, a daily superfluity of food is perhaps a worse evil than a daily superfluity of alcohol, assuming neither to be carried to manifest excess. The latter has at least the excuse of the attendant exhilaration, while the former brings mankind into comparatively close kinship with the porcine animals which most people would think it discreditable to resemble.

The amount of exercise taken by any individual largely determines the amount of his expenditure of force and of tissue, and hence determines also the amount of nutriment required for the maintenance of his body in full activity. A highly accomplished physician, the late Dr. Peter Hood, was accustomed to insist very strongly upon the frequent illnesses which were produced, among men in easy circumstances, by the continuance during the London season, or during the session of Parliament, as a mere matter of habit, of a consumption of food and wine which might not have been excessive during daily active exercise in the pursuit of sport, but which became injurious as soon as this pursuit was discontinued.

The hard-drinking squires of the eighteenth century were mostly men of great activity of life, and even then

were seldom conspicuous for longevity; while at all times and in all classes there have been exceptional individuals who have set ordinary rules at defiance, and have nevertheless enjoyed an immunity from evil consequences which has seldom been extended to their imitators.

I remember a trial about a right of way, in which the evidence of some of the oldest inhabitants of the locality was adduced, and which was held before a learned judge who was at once deeply conscious of the mischiefs wrought by alcohol, and earnestly solicitous to improve any occasions for moralizing which his duties might afford.

A witness was produced, a village patriarch far advanced in his eighties, erect, vigorous, clear-headed, who replied to all questions with promptitude and decision. Before he left the box the judge complimented him upon his state of preservation, and asked by what ordering of his life it had been maintained. Nothing loath, the witness replied that he was a teetotaler and a vegetarian, and described his daily existence in some detail; and the judge, deeply impressed, recommended all who heard him to follow in his footsteps.

The witness was succeeded by his own elder brother, equally alert and well-preserved, to whom the judge said: "No doubt you, too, like your brother, whom we have just heard, have preserved your health and vigor by the strictest temperance?" The reply was brief and to the purpose: "I h'aint been to bed sober vor vifty year, my lord."

Exceptions prove nothing, unless it be that compensating influences of an unknown character may render a few persons exempt from consequences which would fall with certainty upon the average member of the human race. There is perhaps some foundation for the belief that strenuous and continued exertion of the intellectual faculties may resemble bodily activity in its power to increase the demands

of the system, and thus to produce tolerance of what would ordinarily be alimentary or alcoholic excess. It is said that Lord Chancellor Eldon drank a bottle of port wine every week-day during many successive years; and that every Sunday, when his brother, Lord Stowell, dined with him, they each drank two. Their ages at death were respectively eighty-seven and ninety-four.

The variability of the factors above referred to—that is, of the amount of food consumed, of the amount of effort made and of consequent expenditure incurred, and of the personal equation of the individual, renders it very difficult, even if it be possible, to lay down any general rule as to the quantity of alcohol which constitutes sufficiency or excess; but, as I have said above, I believe the point of excess, or at least the limit of beneficial or even of harmless consumption, to be reached much earlier than is commonly supposed.

I think, too, that the common belief that old people bear alcohol better than young ones, or, as it has been put, that "wine is the milk of old age," is decidedly erroneous. In old age vital activity and the waste arising from it are reduced all round, and the demand for aliment in any form must be reduced in a corresponding degree; so that an increase of alcohol, unless more than counterbalanced by a decrease in the amount of solid food, can hardly be anything but injurious to the consumer. In the course of many years of medical practice I have seen and watched several cases in which experimental total abstinence was not successful so long as the activities of middle age were being maintained, but in which the abandonment of alcohol in more advanced life was definitely conducive to health and comfort.

The position occupied by the medical profession with regard to the habitual and moderate dietetic use of alcohol has not, I think, been an entirely satisfactory one. The few medical enthusiasts who are themselves total ab-

stainers, who run full tilt against alcohol in all its forms, and who rest their denunciations upon inconclusive so-called chemical or physiological experiments, mostly "made in Germany," may safely be left out of consideration.

But, apart from these, the public mind has been exercised from time to time by the wide circulation of certain medical counterblasts to alcohol—counterblasts of which the origin has not always been free from suspicious circumstances, and which sometimes appear to have been signed, almost at random, by even eminent persons who would not have been individually prepared to support by facts and arguments the assertions to which they had set their names.

In one instance many of the signatures to such a document had shortly before been appended to a collective recommendation of a particular brewage of bitter beer. Another, which was extensively signed and widely circulated in 1871, was launched under the auspices of the late Sir George Burrows, then President of the Royal College of Physicians. My signature was early asked for, and I wrote to Sir George, whose name was already appended to the paper (which had been sent to me as a "proof"), pointing out certain grave inaccuracies in it, and some of the alterations which it seemed to me to require. Sir George, in his reply, gave away the whole case. He said that my suggestions came too late for adoption, the paper having already been signed by 150 persons, and continued:

"I entirely agree with you in the opinion you express about alcohol as an article of diet. I think to a large class of persons in the climate of England it is indispensable, and I know many remarkable cases in confirmation of your own experience of the attempt to abstain wholly from alcohol. On the other hand, I think there are large classes of persons, in other more favored and in tropical climates, who may and do abstain from alcohol with advantage to their health."

The counterblast, which Sir George had already signed, set forth, among many other very questionable proposi-

tions, "that many people immensely exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet," and it did not seem to me possible "immensely to exaggerate" the value of an agent which Sir George himself declared to be "indispensable to a large class of persons in the climate of England." As far as I understood the matter, the counterblast was intended to apply to English people living in their own country, and scarcely at all to the inhabitants of other and more favored climates. Circumstances which afterwards came to my knowledge led me to believe that Sir George had been overpersuaded into attaching his name to a paper which he had not thoroughly considered, and that he thus found himself placed in a position of embarrassment from which it was difficult to escape.

The true position for the medical profession, in relation to the whole question, must, I think, rest on the admission that it may often be an individual one, as to which there can be no general rule that is not weakened by a great number of exceptions. My own experience and observation have convinced me that most men who are actively engaged in the serious pursuits of life may take a small quantity of alcohol drink daily with decided advantage, and that it will supply them with material for the sustentation of tissue or for the maintenance of temperature at a smaller expenditure of force than would be required for the digestion and conversion of an equivalent amount of solid nutritive material.

I believe that the quantity which can be consumed in this way with advantage is small, much smaller than is generally supposed, and that it becomes still less as vital activities are diminished by advancing years. Everything beyond it may, in strict language, be regarded as excess; and it is probable that continued excess, even to a very small daily degree, always does more or less harm to the person committing it. Habitual and large excess, as we all know, speedily produces

consequences which are fatal alike to health, to intellect, and to character; and it seems reasonable to suppose that a smaller degree of transgression must entail at least some amount of punishment.

My own impression is that it lays the axe to the root of longevity, but that, in the enormous majority of cases, it does not either entail misconduct or impair efficiency during the active years of life. This view appears to be supported, as regards longevity, by the unquestionable fact that the comparative moderation of modern times is at least coincident with a remarkable general prolongation of life in the upper and middle classes, and, as regards efficiency, by the fact to which the late Sir James Paget called attention in an essay which, according to his wont, carried common sense to the confines of inspiration.

He pointed out that the British people had been composed, for many generations, of a great majority of moderate drinkers, of a minority of sots, and of another minority of teetotallers. Assuming that the two minorities neutralized each other, the history of England, and the achievements of Englishmen, were the history and the achievements of the majority; in which case moderate drinkers had no reason to be dissatisfied with their record, and very little reason to suppose that it would have been improved by total abstinence. Whether the daily pleasure incidental to the extra glass of wine, or to the nocturnal whiskey and water, be worth purchasing at the cost of a probable abbreviation of life, is a question which every individual concerned must weigh and answer for himself.

However this may be, I think it must be conceded, by all who are conversant with the dietetic habits of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, that total abstinence from alcohol is not the rule among them; and, on the other hand, I have been assured by public caterers that less wine is consumed per head

at a purely medical dinner than at one attended by any other class of the community.

Perhaps, on the whole, the main facts of the question could hardly be stated more fairly than they were by the son of Sirach two thousand years ago: "Wine measurably drunk and in season bringeth gladness of the heart and cheerfulness of the mind; but wine drunken with excess . . . diminisheth strength and maketh wounds."

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be permissible to call attention to the probable influence of beer drinking upon the longevity, and hence indirectly upon the duration of the usefulness, of the artisan and laboring classes. We have lately been told by a popular preacher that "two-thirds of the national drink bill is incurred by the working man," and also, as a rider to this statement, that "he is often lazy, unthrifty, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed, and untruthful." I will leave the reverend gentleman to establish the latter portions of his accusation by whatever evidence he can adduce in support of them, and will content myself with calling attention to the obvious fact that the working man is short-lived. According to returns issued by the Registrar-General, "the general laborers of London are an unhealthy body of men. At all age-groups their death rates are in excess of those of occupied males in London, and are therefore much more in excess of the standard rates.

"The comparative mortality figure of London laborers exceeds the average among occupied males in London by 23 per cent.; and, when compared with the standard figure for occupied males generally, the excess among London laborers is as much as 48 per cent." The mortality among males of the class, notwithstanding the accidents of childbirth, is much in excess of that among females. Now, every one conversant with the habits of the working man knows that his consumption of alcohol is not confined to meal-

times or to a nightcap, but that he has cultivated an extraordinary capacity for drinking beer on all occasions and at all times. His thirst is perpetual and unquenchable. In every other station of life the suggestion of a drink would sometimes be declined, but by the working man seldom or never. A job or the want of one, a quarrel or a reconciliation, a birth or a death, a chance meeting or an appointment, are alike in that they all require beer; and the effect has been to develop a vicious habit, not only of taking undue quantities of alcohol, but also of swallowing superfluous liquid to an enormous amount.

Reasonable people, who only drink with their meals, have very little conception of the extent to which this irregular beer drinking is carried, and there can be no question that it is among the most pernicious of the influences to which the working classes of this country are exposed. It seriously shortens the lives of the men, it probably diminishes the vigor and virility of their children, and it leads to an expenditure in noxious self-indulgence which, in proportion to their incomes, is often enormous, and which constantly deprives their families of comforts which would be highly conducive to their welfare.

No single reform could be more valuable to the working man than one by which he was induced to take beer only with his meals, and to abandon the irregular potations which have so powerful an influence in hindering the elevation of the class to which he belongs. This would be indisputable, even if the liquor consumed were of a character which anyone not a teetotaler would describe as wholesome, but such a condition is by no means universally fulfilled.

Some years ago I was familiar with country districts in which most of the beer sold in public houses to laborers was salted to increase their thirst, and drugged to give them a belief in its potency. I heard of men refusing a suggestion to drink at the "White

Hart," because they had a pint there last week and "felt nothing of it." They preferred to walk another quarter of a mile to the "Black Bull," where a pint would make a man dizzy almost before he had finished it. In large towns, where the publicans are mostly supplied from great breweries, admixtures of this kind are less probable; but it must not be forgotten that the chemicals employed, even in large breweries, have quite wide diffusion of a so-called "accidental" arsenical poisoning, by which many deaths and much permanent disability were occasioned among the consumers.

From the consideration of drugged beer the transition is easy to that of the consumption of narcotics generally, and especially of tobacco—the latter a question which I approach with some distrust of my power to be impartial with regard to it. It is possible that I may be unduly prejudiced in the matter, partly by dislike of the smell and taste of the drug in all its forms, partly by the fact that my professional avocations have for many years brought its noxious effects very prominently under my notice, and partly by a survival of the recollections of my youth, a remote period at which smoking in public, or in the presence of ladies, was hardly tolerated among gentlefolk.

A cheap cigar was introduced into Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," in 1839, as an almost essential part of the outdoor holiday equipment of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; and, although it may be true that public smoking is now indulged in by quite distinguished persons, it does not by any means follow that the change is an improvement. It certainly has not been conducive to culture among their social inferiors.

Living a short distance out of London, and often coming thence by train, I have frequent opportunities of observing the crowd of men and boys who return home after business hours, nearly all with short pipes projecting from their mouths, puffing smoke into the faces of women on the platform,

and elbowing them away from the approach to the narrow door of exit. These creatures always seem to me to be quite exceptionally boorish and aggressive, even as specimens of the class to which they belong, and I cannot help in some way associating their pipes with their characters. Their want of self-control, and their animal eagerness for a selfish indulgence, lead them to utter disregard of the comfort or the convenience of their neighbors.

If any advocate of the consumption of tobacco is content to rest his advocacy upon the fact that he likes the practice of smoking, or that he likes what he conceives to be its effect, there is, I presume, nothing more to be said. Tastes differ, and must continue to do so. The only assertions requiring examination are those of the people who say that tobacco is in some way beneficial; and the most common of these assertions is that it is "soothing."

My own reply to this plea depends mainly upon its humiliating character. I do not think that a man has any business to require "soothing." He should be able to face his duties and responsibilities with a clear view of their extent and nature. If he cannot do this without the aid of a narcotic, I am certain that he cannot with; for the narcotic, although it may disguise difficulties, is manifestly unable to alter facts. A man who talks about requiring to be "soothed" reduces himself to the level of a fractious baby; and my own observation leads me to believe that his narcotic tends at once to the permanent diminution of his nervous energy, and to the production of a sort of fool's paradise in which he is content to live.

At one of the great American universities, I think at Harvard, the authorities instituted a definite series of comparisons between smoking and non-smoking students, with the result that the former were surpassed by the latter in every competition in which they engaged, whether physical or intellectual, whether in the class-rooms,

in the playing fields, or in the gymnasia. All teachers are familiar with the type of student who lives in a fond belief that he will pass his examinations without the trouble of working for them; and he is invariably a smoker.

Smoking, again, is in an extraordinary degree conducive to sheer idleness, to intellectual vacuity and bodily inertia, from the deceptive resemblance which it bears to an occupation. Few men could sit and do nothing, without a book or an amusement, if they were not smoking; but hundreds do so with the aid of a pipe or a cigarette, and all the time fancy themselves to be employed. In such circumstances they sometimes go the length of saying that they have been "thinking."

Admitting freely what is unquestionable, that an enormous number of men and boys like smoking, and smoke because they like it, we are still entitled to ask where the practice can be regarded as essentially harmless. For the vast majority of adults who smoke moderately the answer must probably incline towards an affirmative. I have a very strong belief that whatever a smoker may be able to do well, he would have been able to do still better if he had never smoked at all; but the accuracy of this belief does not admit of demonstration. We know, it is true, that tobacco is a powerful poison, that even a very moderate quantity of it, taken internally, would be fatal to an unseasoned adult, that the first experiences of smoking boys are by no means unchecked; but we are assured by the advocates of the drug that complete tolerance of its poisonous effects is soon produced by habit, and that, when once this stage of toleration has been reached, smoking will thereafter be purely beneficial.

On this point I can only express my doubt. We know that a tolerance of all vegetable narcotics is soon induced, at least in the sense that larger and larger doses are required in order to reproduce the original effect; but there are none, unless it be tobacco, in which

tolerance implies eventual harmlessness. The rule is that all such agents, which, when freshly introduced into the system, modify the functional operations of the nervous centres in some agreeable way, end by producing structural degeneration of the tissues upon which their action is chiefly exerted. The easily acquired tolerance of morphia, of cocaine, or of Indian hemp, is only a natural step towards the degradation ultimately attendant upon their use.

The most important fact at present known with regard to a definitely injurious effect traceable to tobacco is its tendency to produce blindness. Concerning this effect, forty years ago I was myself somewhat sceptical, and wrote of it in the sense that I regarded the evidence as incomplete, but time and larger experience have placed the matter beyond the reach of doubt.

In common, I believe, with every other ophthalmic surgeon, I have now seen a great number of cases in which habitual smokers have suffered from a definite form of gradually increasing failure of vision, attended by characteristic symptoms dependent upon manifest changes in the optic nerves, and always curable, if taken in time, by the total abandonment of tobacco, but always leading to complete and hopeless blindness if tobacco in any form were continued.

In a certain proportion of these cases, as Dr. Priestly Smith was, I think the first to point out, excessive smoking has appeared to be rather the predisposing than the exciting cause of the disease—that is to say, it has appeared to have reduced the nerves to a condition of weakness or vulnerability in which they were unable to oppose their normal degree of resistance to other injurious influences.

Thus, for example, the symptoms of tobacco blindness have been observed to occur in a sailor who, having been habitually a smoker of strong tobacco, was for a time exposed to conditions of unusual hardship. They have also been observed in smokers who were en-

gaged in the more speculative forms of commerce, and were threatened by some unexpected combination of adverse circumstances—a combination which not unfrequently had largely increased their customary consumption of tobacco. The true character of such cases may be established by the improvement or recovery of sight which follows the complete abandonment of tobacco, and by the uselessness of any treatment in which this abandonment is not included.

It is not very uncommon, moreover, to find that tobacco poisoning is complicated by alcoholism, and the resulting wrecks of humanity are very pitiable to see. I remember one wretch of this kind, a young man of four or five and twenty, who was the uncontrolled master of more money than he had either the education or the capacity to use wisely, and who came to me with the early symptoms of tobacco blindness in a well-marked form, as well as with abundant evidence of habitual excess in other directions. I told him there was no use in beating about the bush with him, that if he would abandon tobacco and alcohol and live decently he would preserve his sight and perhaps prolong his life, but that if he continued his actual practices he would be blind in three months and probably dead in six. He must take his choice between the alternatives. At the door of my consulting room he turned as he went out, in order to discharge a Parthian shot at me. "You've a'most broke my 'art," he said.

Regarding the question on a priori grounds, there seems much reason to believe that tobacco, which is known frequently to produce chronic inflammation and ultimate degeneration of the optic nerves, may exert a similar influence on other portions of the nervous system, and may lead to nerve degenerations of other kinds, possibly to some the causes of which are still unrecognized.

How obscure these causes may be, and how difficult of identification in

the complicated conditions of life, was well shown by the recent discovery that certain extensive local prevalences of neuritis (inflammation of nerves), which had very generally been attributed to alcohol, were really due to poisoning by arsenic contained in beer. Until that discovery was made, alcoholic poisoning had been regarded as the principal or even as the sole cause of neuritis in the intemperate, and all probability was in favor of the correctness of the opinion. It has since been maintained by some that this opinion must be altogether abandoned, that alcohol must be acquitted, and that only arsenic has been to blame. It will, I believe, be found that neuritis may be produced either by alcohol or by arsenic, and with still greater facility when the two are taken in combination.

On the subject of any corresponding influence which may be exerted by tobacco, or of any part which it may take in producing forms of neuritis in nerves other than those of the eyes, I am not aware of the existence of any evidence sufficient to justify a conclusion. At the same time, it seems to me to be impossible altogether to ignore the possibility, and, in any case of obscure neuritis occurring in an inveterate smoker, I should not hesitate to urge the complete abandonment of tobacco.

I have met, of course, with many instances of heavy smokers in whom no sign of either intellectual or physical decadence was manifest on the surfaces of their lives, and I know that many imaginative literary men and artists have at least believed that they found aid or inspiration in tobacco. It may be so. My own explanation of the facts, as far as they are known to me, would be that such persons had smoked themselves into a state in which their brains were unable to respond to the calls of duty or of volition until they had received a fillip, analogous in its temporary action to the dose taken by the victim of the morphia habit. I believe in the absolute superiority of the

undrugged nervous system to the drugged one, and am convinced in my own mind that the tobacco must often have lowered, and can never have raised, the quality of the totality of the work that was done under its influence. I think everyone who has known London well for the last five-and-twenty years would be able to cite more than a few examples of heavy smokers whose careers of promise had closed more or less under a cloud of intellectual failure or of social discredit, such as would naturally have been attendant upon the victims of narcotics of other kinds.

There is extant a letter from the first Napoleon, written from Egypt to the French commandant at Malta, and congratulating him upon the security of the island against any attack by the English. The vessel carrying the letter was captured by an English cruiser, and underneath the delicate signature of Napoleon there now stands a bold scrawl of "Mark the end. Nelson and Bronte." When I see good work of any kind, produced by a man who is dependent upon tobacco, I am apt to remember Lord Nelson's injunction.

A London physician of large experience once told me of his conviction that many professional men lose all the benefit which they might derive from an annual holiday by reason of the single circumstance that they smoke to excess during its continuance. A man who is fully engaged with patients, or clients, or in the courts, is unable to smoke, except for a few minutes, until business hours are over; but when he is in Scotland or in the Alps he is apt to smoke all day long. He comes back with a narcotized nervous system, a "smoker's throat," and a long list of discomforts for which he is unable to account. He says that he has slept in damp beds, or that the food in the hotels has disagreed with him.

There is at least one aspect of the consumption of tobacco as to which the hitherto prevailing optimism of this country has of late been somewhat dis-

turbed, and that aspect has regard to smoking by children. Many of the writers who have lately striven to direct attention to the alleged physical deterioration of large classes of our people have laid much stress upon juvenile smoking as an important element in the production of some of the evils which they describe and deplore; and it is certainly true that the immature and comparatively unstable nervous system of the young is more liable to be injured by narcotics than that of the adult. It is hardly possible, in this connection, to leave entirely out of account that the deterioration is not in growth or muscular development alone, but that it extends to those organs of the intellectual faculties by which the effects of drugs are first displayed.

The steady and progressive increase of insanity among us is the most important fact of the present day in relation to public health, and is such as to render the prevalence of cancer or of tubercle absolutely trivial by comparison. It is a matter of routine to attribute a large portion of this increase to drink, but may there not be something to say also about tobacco

In the United States there seems now to be a very general consensus of opinion that at least the most facile form of tobacco smoking, the smoking of cigarettes, is a dangerous practice even for adults, and that it is still more dangerous for children. Several of the great railway companies of America have absolutely prohibited cigarette smoking by signalmen and others who occupy positions in which any error or neglect in the discharge of duty might lead to serious consequences; and in some States the sale of tobacco to children is a punishable offense.

Since these words were written it has been asserted in a London paper that a law has been passed in the State of Indiana, and came into operation on April 15, by which not only is the manufacture or sale of cigarettes totally prohibited within the State, but by which persons having them in their possession are rendered liable to fine

and imprisonment. It was further said that cigarette smokers were about to appeal to the Supreme Court on the question of the constitutional validity of the enactment; but, however this may be, it cannot be supposed that laws and regulations of such a kind could have been made, or could be enforced, in a democratically governed community unless the need for them had been established by a considerable body of evidence. They seem to me to show that the very best that can be said for tobacco smoking is that many people like it, and that in some instances it may perhaps do no harm.

Even so, its financial aspects ought not to be left out of account. On the part of the working classes of this country it represents the waste of millions of money annually, for the purchase of an indulgence which is absolutely selfish, because it is one in which, as a rule, wives and children have no share, and which, because it is selfish, cannot fail to be degrading. The craving for it is, I believe, purely artificial, for, if it were not, it would be as prevalent among girls and women as among boys and men. Boys want to begin smoking because they see their elders do it, and they think it is "manly," and so they bear the initial discomforts with fortitude, and drug themselves until tolerance and a habit are established.

A somewhat similar educational process seems now to be in progress among women of the more leisured classes. The smoking room has become an institution in clubs for ladies, and girls will soon be eager to follow the example set by their mothers and their elder sisters. In favor of such a result, something might possibly be said. I have always felt that the "soothing" effect described by smokers is better adapted to the real needs of the softer than to those of the sterner sex, and that there is something which, if not quite feminine, may at least be described as "womanish" in the practice of seeking refuge in a narcotic from the pinpricks of daily life.

Some Exquisites of the Regency.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I.

WHEN Almack's Club, composed of all the traveled young men who wore long curls and spying-glasses, was in 1778 absorbed by Brooks's, the day of the Macaronis was past. Then, as Wraxall records, Charles James Fox and his friends, who might be said to lead the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first cast a sort of discredit on dress. "Fox lodged in St. James's street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a levee of his followers and of the members of the gambling club at Brooks's—all his disciples," Walpole wrote. "His bristling black person, and shagged breast quite open and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen nightgown, and his bushy hair disheveled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humor, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the crown attend his lessons and imbibe them."

The young Prince of Wales might study statecraft under Fox; but in the matter of dress he fell in line with the new race of beaux, bucks, or, to use a word that came into general use at this time, dandies. The most famous of the latter were Lord Petersham, Lord Foley, Lord Hertford (immortalized by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair" as the Marquis of Steyne, and by Dis-

raeli in "Coningsby" as Lord Monmouth), the Duke of Argyll, Lord Worcester, Henry Pierrepont, Henry de Ros, Col. Dawson Damer, Dan Mackinnon, Lord Dudley and Ward, Hervey Ashton, Gronow, the memoirist; Sir Lumley Skeffington and Brummell.

These exquisites were disinclined to yield the palm even to an Heir-Apparent with limitless resources. The Prince of Wales, however, contrived to hold his own. At his first appearance in society he created a sensation. He wore a new shoe-buckle! This was his own invention, and differed from all previous articles of the same kind, inasmuch as it was an inch long and five inches broad, reaching almost to the ground on either side of the foot! This was good for an introduction to the polite world, but it was not until he attended his first court ball that he did himself full justice. Then his magnificence was such that the arbiters of fashion were compelled reluctantly to admit that a powerful rival had come upon the scene.

A contemporary was so powerfully impressed by the splendor of the Prince's costume that he placed on record a description: "His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various colored foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop in the same metal,

and cocked in a new military style."

The laurels won in early youth he retained all the days of his life. Expense was no object to him, and, indeed, it must be confessed he spent money in many worse ways than on his clothes. Batchelor, his valet, who entered his service after the death of the Duke of York, said that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations and the consequent journeys from London to Windsor to Davison the tailor, would often cost three hundred pounds before it met with his approbation!

He had a mania for hoarding, and at his death all the coats, vests, breeches, boots and other articles of attire which had graced his person during half a century were found in his wardrobe. It is said he carried the catalogue in his head, and could call for any costume he had ever worn.

His executors, Lord Gifford and Sir William Knighton, discovered in the pockets of his coats, besides innumerable women's love letters, locks of hair and other trifles of his usually discreditable amours, no less than five hundred pocketbooks, each containing small, forgotten sums of money, amounting in all to ten thousand pounds! His clothes sold for fifteen thousand pounds; they cost probably ten times that amount.

Lord Petersham was a Maecenas among the tailors, and the inventor of an overcoat called after him. He was famous for his brown carriages, horses and liveries, all of the same shade; and his devotion to this color was popularly supposed to be due to the love he had borne a widow of the name. He never went out before 6 o'clock in the evening, and had many other eccentricities.

Gronow has described a visit to his apartments: "The room into which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room. All around the wall were shelves, upon which were placed the canisters containing congou, pekoe, souchong, bohea, gunpowder, Russian and many other teas, all the best of their kind;

on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names in gilt letters of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobacconists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes; for Lord Petersham had perhaps the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light blue Sevres box he was using being admired, say in his lisping way, 'Yes, it is a nice summer box, but it would not do for winter wear.'"

Queen Charlotte had made snuff-taking fashionable in England, but the habit began to die out with the Regency. George IV. carried a box, but he had no liking for it; and, conveying it with a grand air between his right thumb and forefinger, he was careful to drop it before it reached his nose. He gave up the custom of offering a pinch to his neighbors, and it was recognized as a breach of good manners to dip uninvited into a man's box. When at the Pavilion the Bishop of Winchester committed such an infringement of etiquette, Brummell told a servant to throw the rest of the snuff into the fire. When Lord Petersham died, his snuff was sold by auction. It took three men three days to weigh it, and realized three thousand pounds.

Another eccentric was Lord Dudley and Ward, sometime Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who eventually lost his reason. His absence of mind was notorious, and he had a habit of talking aloud that frequently landed him in trouble. Dining at the house of a gourmet, under the impression he was at home, he apologized for the badness of the entrees, and begged the company to excuse them on account of the illness of his cook!

Similarly, when he was paying a visit he imagined himself to be the entertainer, and when his hostess had

exhausted her hints concerning the duration of his call, he murmured, "A very pretty woman. But she stays a devilish long time. I wish she'd go."

Still more amusing were his remarks in the carriage of a brother peer, who had volunteered to drive him from the House of Lords to Dudley House: "A deuce of a bore! This tiresome man has taken me home, and will expect me to ask him to dinner. I suppose I must do so, but it is a horrid nuisance." This was too much for his good-natured companion, who, as if to himself, droned in the same monotonous tones, "What a bore! This good-natured fellow Dudley will think himself obliged to invite me to dinner, and I shall be forced to go. I hope he won't ask me, for he gives d—d bad dinners."

These stories recall another related of an absent-minded Royal Duke, who, when during the service the parson proposed the prayer for rain, said in a voice audible throughout the church, "Yes, by all means let us pray, but it won't be any good. We sha'n't get rain till the moon changes."

Sir Lumley Skeffington distinguished himself by dressing a la Robespierre, and by painting his face, so that he looked like a French toy. He hankered after literary fame, and produced a drama entitled "The Sleeping Beauty," which attracted the attention of Byron, who immortalized him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

In grim array though Lewis's specters
rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the
prize:
And sure great Skeffington must claim
our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays,
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er con-
fines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay
designs;
Nor sleeps with "sleeping beauties," but
anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering
on,
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with
the scene,

Stares, wond'ring what the devil it can
mean;
But as some hands applaud—a venal
few—
Rather than sleep John Bull applauds
it too.

Like that of many of his comrades, Sir Lumley's expenditure was not regulated by his income, with the result that he was imprisoned for debt, and disappeared for some years. When he was released his old friends avoided or ignored him; and Alvanley, asked who was that solitary, splendidly dressed person, replied, "It is a second edition of 'The Sleeping Beauty,' bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts."

After Brummell left England it was to William Lord Alvanley that all the witty sayings of the day were attributed. The son of the famous lawyer, Sir Pepper Arden, he began life in the Coldstream Guards, of which the colonel was the Duke of York. He achieved his earliest success as a wit at the expense of a brother officer, Gunter, a scion of the famous catering house. Gunter's horse was almost beyond the control of the rider, who explained that his horse was too hot to hold. "Ice him, Gunter; ice him," cried Alvanley.

Thrown into such company, it was not perhaps unnatural that Alvanley should be extravagant; but his carelessness in money matters was notorious. Though very wealthy, he soon became embarrassed in his circumstances. He persuaded Charles Greville, the author of the "Journals," to put his affairs in order. The two men spent a day over accounts, and Greville found that the task he had undertaken would not be so difficult as he had been given to understand. His relief was not long-lived, however, for on the following morning he received a note from Alvanley saying that he had quite forgotten a debt of fifty thousand pounds!

Alvanley was famous for his dinners, and indulged in the expensive taste of having an apricot tart on his table

every day throughout the year. As he was beloved by his friends and vastly popular, society was enraged when O'Connell in the House of Commons spoke of him as a "bloated buffoon." A challenge was sent at once, but the *Liberator* refused to go out. He had been on the ground once, had killed his man, and had vowed never to fight another duel. Alvanley could not forgive the insult, however, and threatened to thrash the aggressor; whereupon Morgan O'Connell met him in place of his father, when several shots were exchanged without result. "What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be, to miss such a fat fellow as I!" said Alvanley calmly. "He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." Driven back to London, he gave the hackney coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal," said the man gratefully, "for having taken your lordship to Wimbledon." "No, my good fellow," the peer laughed, "I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Beyond all question the greatest dandy of his day was George Bryan Brummell, generally called Beau Brummell. This famous personage dominated all his rivals, and even the Prince of Wales accepted him at least as an equal. It is not known with any certainty how his acquaintance began with the Heir-Apparent. Brummell's aunt, Mrs. Searle, who had a little cottage with stables for cows at the entrance, opposite Clarges street, of the Green Park, in which she had been installed by George III., related that it was one day when the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the beautiful Marchioness of Salisbury, stopped to see the cows milked that he first met her nephew, was attracted by him, and, hearing he was intended for the army, offered him a commission in his own regiment.

Gronow gives another story, which on the face of it is more probable. Brummell made many friends among the scions of good family while he was at Eton, where he seems to have been

regarded as an Admirable Crichton: "the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer." He was invited to a ball at Devonshire House, became a great favorite, and was asked everywhere. The Prince sent for him, and, pleased by his manner and appearance, gave him a commission. In his seventeenth year he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Light Dragoons. He resigned soon after because the regiment was ordered to Manchester!

He threw himself heart and soul into the social life of the metropolis, and soon his reputation extended far and wide, until no party was complete without him, and his presence was regarded as the hall-mark of fashion. He was the very man for the part he had set himself. Tall, well made, with a good figure, he affected an old-world air of courtesy, picked up probably from the French refugees, as he had never been out of England until he left it for good. His affectation of *veille cour* showed itself in the use of powder, which distinguished him in the days when the custom was dying out among civilians. His grandfather was a tradesman, and let lodgings in Bury street, St. James's. His father, by the influence of a lodger, was presented to a clerkship in the Treasury, became private secretary to Lord North, made money by speculation, was High Sheriff of Berkshire, and settled down at Donnington, where he was visited by Fox and Sheridan.

Though of no rank, Brummell lived with the highest in the land on terms of equality. His acquaintance was sought, his intimacy desired; and, so far from requiring a patron, it was he who patronized. His influence was unbounded, his fascination undeniable, his indifference to public opinion reckless. He was good natured and rarely out of humor; neither a drunkard nor a profligate. He had bright and amusing conversation, some wit, and a considerable power of persiflage, which, while it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, only too fre-

quently was exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He revived the taste for dress: "Clean linen, and plenty of it," was an important item of his creed. His great triumph was in connection with the cravat. Before he came into his own they were worn without stiffening of any kind; as soon as he ascended his throne he had them starched! A revolution would not have attracted more attention. Thereafter his sway was undisputed, and his word law in all matters of fashion.

The Prince of Wales used to call on him in the morning at his house in Chesterfield street, and, deeply engrossed in the discussion of costume, would frequently remain to dinner. "Brummell was always studiously and remarkably well dressed, never outre; and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilet, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention," said one who knew him well. "His manners were easy, polished and gentlemanlike, and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarity in others, or more piquant in his criticisms, or more despotic as an arbiter elegantiarum; he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world with a single word."

The taste of the Prince of Wales verged on the florid, but Brummell's efforts tended to simplicity of costume. Under Brummell the dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches and top boots; with, of course, the deep, stiff white cravat which prevented you from seeing your boots while standing.

Gronow relates that while he was in Paris after Waterloo trousers and shoes were worn by young men, only old fogies favoring knee breeches. On his return to England in 1816, receiving from Lady Hertford an invitation to Manchester House, "to have the honor of meeting the Prince Regent," he went dressed a la Francaise—white neckcloth, waistcoat, black

trousers, shoes, and silk stockings. He made his bow, and almost immediately afterward Horace Seymour came to him: "The great man is very much surprised that you should have ventured to appear in his presence without knee breeches. He considers it as a want of proper respect for him." Gronow went away in high dudgeon. A month later the Prince adopted the dress he had censured!

All the world watched Brummell to imitate him. He made the fortune of his tailor, Weston, of Old Bond street, and of his other tradesmen. The most noteworthy of these was Hoby, the St. James's street bootmaker, an impertinent and independent man who employed his leisure as a Methodist preacher. Many good stories are told of him.

It was he who said to the Duke of Kent, when the latter informed him of the issue of the great battle at Vittoria, "If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself he would never have had his great and constant successes, for my boots and my prayers bring him out of all his difficulties."

When Horace Churchill entered his shop and complained in no moderate words of a pair of boots, vowing he would never employ him again, Hoby quickly turned the tables. "John, close the shutters," he cried to an assistant, affecting a woebegone look. "It is all over with us. I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me." Sir John Shelley once showed him a pair of top-boots that had split in several places. "How did that happen, Sir John?" "Why, in walking to my stable," the customer explained. "Walking to your stable?" Hoby exclaimed, not troubling to suppress a sneer. "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

II.

It is but a step from boots to blacking, an article to which the dandies devoted much attention. Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the First Foot

Guards, was famous for his well-varnished boots. After his death, which occurred in a fire owing to his efforts to save his favorite boots, all the men about town were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who alone knew the secret of the blacking. Brummell found the man and asked his wages. The colonel had given him a hundred and fifty pounds a year, but now he required two hundred. "Well, if you will make it guineas," said the Beau, "I shall be happy to attend upon you!" Lord Petersham spent a great deal of time in making a particular kind of blacking which he believed would eventually supersede all others, and Brummell declared, "My blacking ruins me; it is made with the finest champagne."

But Brummell must not be taken too seriously. He was a master poseur, and many of his critics have fallen into the error of taking him literally. Thus it has apparently never occurred to his biographers to think he was joking when, in reply to a lady who inquired what allowance she should make her son, who was about to enter the world, he assured her that, with economy, her son could dress on eight hundred a year. They merely comment upon his terribly extravagant ideas. Again, when the Beau, speaking of a boy, said with apparent earnestness, "Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's"—about a hundred yards—they discuss his enormous conceit!

There are several accounts of the cause of the rupture of the intimacy between Brummell and the Prince. It is certain, however, that the story of "Wales, ring the bell," has no foundation. "I was on such intimate terms with the Prince that if we had been alone I could have asked him without offense to ring the bell," Brummell said; "but with a third person in the room I should never have done so. I knew the Regent too well." The story was true in so far as the order, "Wales, ring the bell," was given at the royal

supper table by a lad who had taken too much to drink. The Prince did ring the bell, and when the servants came, told them, good-humoredly enough, to "put that drunken boy to bed."

One authority says the quarrel arose because Brummell spoke sarcastically of Mrs. Fitzherbert, another because he spoke in her favor when the Prince was bestowing his smiles in another quarter. The Beau believed it was because of remarks concerning both Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince. There is no doubt Brummell did allow himself considerable license of speech, and having a ready wit, was not inclined to forgo its use.

A curious tale was told by General Sir Arthur Upton to Gronow. It seems that the first estrangement did not last long. Brummell played whist at White's Club one night, and won from George Harley Drummond the sum of twenty thousand pounds. The Duke of York told the Prince of the incident and the Beau was again invited to Carlton House. At the commencement of the dinner matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with his old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness—who wanted to avenge himself for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the Beau, looking towards the Prince, said to Lady Worcester "Who is your fat friend?"—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk;" whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence.

As Sir Arthur was present at the dinner, there can be no doubt as to the facts; and, knowing the character of the royal host as we do, there is no reason to doubt that he invited a guest to insult him. That is quite of a piece

with his conduct on other occasions; but it seems certain that the motive that spurred the Prince on to revenge was not that attributed to him.

Of all the versions of the "Who's your fat friend?" episode, that given by the general is the least likely. Inaccurate, too, is Raikes when he tells of Brummell asking the famous question of Jack Lee in St. James's street, after the latter had been seen speaking to the Prince.

The true story is the following: A dandies' ball was to be given by Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepont and Brummell to celebrate a great run of luck at hazard. The question of inviting the Prince was mooted, but it was negatived because all felt sure it would be declined, since he was not on friendly terms with Brummell. The Prince, however, sent an intimation that he desired to be present, and of course a formal invitation was dispatched. The four hosts assembled at the door to do honor to their royal guest, who shook hands with three of them, but looked Brummell full in the face and passed on without any sign of recognition. Then it was, before the Prince was out of hearing, that Brummell turned to his neighbor and asked with apparent nonchalance, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

After this there was war to the death, and Brummell, who was a good fighter, did not lose an opportunity to wound his powerful antagonist. He was passing down Pall Mall when the Regent's carriage drew up at a picture gallery. The sentries saluted, and, keeping his back to the carriage, Brummell took the salute as if to himself. The Prince could not hide his anger from the bystanders, for he looked upon any slight to his dignity as rather worse than high treason.

The foes met again later on in the waiting-room at the opera. An eyewitness has described the rencontre: "The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was waiting for his

carriage. Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes, the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince.

Brummell contrived to hold his own until he took to card-playing. His patrimony of thirty thousand pounds was insufficient to justify him in entering the lists with his companions. It was the case of the earthenware pot and the iron pots. At first he was unsuccessful, and as he was not then addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. Walking home from a club with Tom Raikes, he was lamenting his bad fortune, when he saw something bright in the roadway. He stooped and picked up a crooked sixpence. "This," he said to his companion with great cheerfulness, "is the harbinger of good luck." He drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch chain. The talisman worked, and he won thirty thousand pounds in the next two years.

Fortune deserted him; but he did not lose even a third of his winnings, and Raikes, in his "Memoirs," remarks that he was never more surprised than when in 1816, one morning, Brummell

confided to him that his situation had become so desperate that he must fly the country that night, and by stealth. He had lived above his income, had got into debt, and then had fallen into the hands of the notorious usurers, Howard and Gibbs. Other money-lenders may have had claims upon him; for when it was said to Albanley that if Brummell had remained in London something might have been done for him by his friends, the witty peer made a bon mot: "He has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment."

He went no farther than Calais. "Here I am restant for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep, called conscience, which all my endeavors to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who brings it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject."

He wrote to Tom Ralke on May 22, 1816, soon after his arrival: "You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my life and *propria persona*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy, indeed, it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness; but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and

with the exception of Sir. W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was here. He had the good nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water."

He had a gleam of hope on hearing of the accession to the throne of his old companion. "He is at length King," he wrote; "will his past resentments still attach themselves to his Crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty, at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favorable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have, during so many years, operated to the total exclusion of one of his élèves from the royal notice: that unfortunate—I need not particularize. You ask me how I am going on at Calais. Miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the mercy and patience of my claimants are exhausted I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time."

The new King made no sign. But soon came the news that he was going abroad, and would stay a night at Calais. The pulse of the exiled dandy must have beat quickly. It was the time for forgiveness; and, after all, his offense had not been very rank. If there were generosity in the heart of the monarch, surely, surely he would hold out the right hand of fellowship to the vanquished foe. The meeting came about unexpectedly. Brummell went for a walk out of the town in the opposite direction to that on which the King would enter it. On his return he tried to get across the street, but the crowd was so great that he

remained perforce on the opposite side. The King's carriage passed close to him. "Good God, Brummell!" George cried in a loud voice. Then Brummell, who was hat in hand at the time, crossed the road, pale as death, and entered his room.

George dined in the evening at Dessin's, and Brummell sent his valet to make the punch, giving him to take over a bottle of rare old maraschino, the King's favorite liqueur. The next morning all the suite called except Bloomfield, and each tried to persuade him to ask for an audience. Brummell signed his name in the visitors' book. His pride would let him do no more. He had taken the first steps; would the King send for him? George left without a word. Afterwards he actually boasted he had been to Calais without seeing Brummell!

So the men went their ways, never to meet again. The King had won. He had seen his old friend, his old foe—which you will—his old comrade, beaten, bankrupt, humbled, and he had passed him by. The King had won, yet perhaps for once it was better to be the vanquished than to win at such a price. Perhaps in the last years of his life George thought once more of Brummell, as himself, half-blind, half-mad, utterly friendless, he went down to the grave unwept and unhonored.

Others were more generous than the King. The Duke of Wellington invited two successive Ministers for Foreign Affairs to do something for the exile. Both hesitated on the ground that His Majesty might disapprove, whereupon Wellington went to Windsor and spoke to the King, "who had made objections, abusing Brummell—said he was a damned fellow and had behaved very ill to him (the old story—*moi, moi, moi*); but after having let him run his tether, he had at last extracted his consent." Still, nothing was done until after Charles Greville was at Calais in 1830: "There I had a long conversation with Brummell about his consulship and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of

Wellington and ask him to do what he could for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing—some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding—full of galeity, impudence, and misery."

The consulate at Caen, to which a salary of four hundred a year was attached, was secured for him. Brummell arranged that part of his income should be set aside to pay his debts (which amounted to about a thousand pounds), and his creditors allowed him to leave Calais. He had not long been installed when he wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, stating that the place was a sinecure and the duties so trifling that he should recommend its abolition. It has never been made clear why he took this remarkable step. Was it in the hope of being appointed to a better position? Was it in the desire to evade the payment of his debts? Was it honesty? Whatever the cause, his action recoiled on himself. Lord Palmerston was regretfully compelled to take the consul at his word, and the place was reduced.

Brummell continued to live at Caen; but, being without resources, he sank deeper into debt, and in 1835 his creditors put him into prison. For the last time his friends came to his assistance. William IV. subscribed a hundred pounds. Palmerston gave twice that amount from the public purse. Enough was obtained to secure his liberation and to settle upon him an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds. Soon he sank into a state of imbecility, and he ended his days in the asylum *Bon Sauveur*. He died on March 30, 1840.

A moral can easily be drawn from the story of this unfortunate man, and many writers have dwelt upon the lesson it furnishes. Yet there were many worse than he in the circle of which he was the arbiter. He lived his life; he paid the price. Let him rest in peace.

A Syndicated Prince.*

Part II.—The Prince.

By BERTRAND W. BABCOCK.

VII.

AN AUCTION AND A QUARREL.

A CHATTERING and beseeching crowd of handsome young women had followed the prince's equerry to a smaller reception room, where they rattled, buzzed, begged and insisted upon the favor of a dance with Prince Charles Stuart.

"His highness said you had his dance card."

"Give it to me."

"No, to me. Oh, do, Mr. Ten Eyck."

"It belongs to me, for you promised I should dance with him."

They closed in about him so that the former stage manager was driven to raising his hand with the card high above his head.

"Ladies, ladies—I beg of you——"

"Oh, dear Mr. Ten Eyck, please!"

"Now, you did promise me, indeed."

"One moment, ladies," said Ten Eyck, raising his voice above the hubbub. "Now listen to me. There's only one dance left."

"Oh-h-h——"

"Let me have it."

"No, me."

"I won't give it to any of you," snapped Ten Eyck.

A dead silence followed this tragic sentence. Then red lips trembled, quivered, pouted, little feet rapped the floor impatiently and imploring eyes shot their appeal to Ten Eyck.

"As I said, there's only one left," began Ten Eyck again.

"His highness promised it to me," said the Honorable Geraldine Pembroke, who was unwontedly agitated.

"Now, countesses and duchesses and ladies all," said Ten Eyck, "listen to reason. Since there's only one left and you can't all have it, suppose we put it up at auction?"

"Good!"

"The very thing!"

"Very well, then," said the prince's equerry, shaking the dance card back and forth above the women's heads, "for this dance of His Highness, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, how much am I offered?"

"Ten pounds," said the Honorable Geraldine Pembroke.

"Fifteen pounds," piped a thin little voice from a young boarding school girl, anxious for a dance with the renowned prince.

"Thirty pounds," said Miss Pembroke, who was quite pale.

"Thirty-five," from a fat duchess.

"Thirty-five bid for this dance of his highness," began Ten Eyck seductively.

First a plump hand holding a lorgnette, then a fat curlious face and finally a portly bustling form was seen at the portieres.

"An auction!" said Mrs. Alvah Worth.

"Perfectly scandalous," said the angular dowager behind her. "What would the dear countess say, if she knew what was taking place in her house?"

"Or our dear prince?" said Mrs. Worth.

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"These Yankee equerries and secretaries of the prince are a shocking commercial lot," said the other.

"What is it he's auctioning?" said Mrs. Worth. "A dance with the dear prince! I must get it for one of my girls."

"For one dance," droned Ten Eyck, "thirty-five pounds is bid, thirty-five once, thirty-five twice——"

"Fifty pounds," said Mrs. Alvah Worth.

"Sixty," said Miss Pembroke, with a sickening tightening of her lips.

"Seventy-five," said Mrs. Worth, with a glance of triumph at her competitor.

"One hundred," said Miss Pembroke, whose voice was becoming quite parched.

"One hundred and fifty," from Mrs. Worth.

"One hundred and fifty pounds am I bid. One hundred and fifty pounds am I offered. One hundred and fifty once——"

"Two hundred pounds," essayed a slender beauty breathlessly, "and that's my limit."

"Two hundred and twenty-five," said Miss Pembroke very slowly.

"Three hundred pounds," from Mrs. Worth very impressively.

Some one touched her arm. She turned to encounter a pair of eyes that glittered with fire and excitement.

"Aunt Patty, let me take your place," said Helen.

"You!" Mrs. Worth almost dropped to the floor in her amazement.

"Yes, I——Never mind why."

"Three hundred pounds bid," said Ten Eyck. "Now, ladies——"

"Three hundred and fifty," quavered the voice of the slender beauty.

"Four hundred," plumped the big duchess.

Ten Eyck was becoming nervous. He paused.

"Four hundred pounds——" he began.

"Five hundred pounds," said the Honorable Miss Pembroke, raising her voice in a last supreme effort.

Again an impressive silence from Ten Eyck, and then he began anew:

"Five hundred pounds bid, five hundred once, five hundred twice, five hundred——"

"One thousand pounds," and Helen Worth stepped quietly forward until she almost faced the Honorable Miss Pembroke. That young woman's face seemed quite withered and old. She had desired ardently to dance with the prince, but in spite of all her hints he had refrained from asking her. When she had heard that Ten Eyck held his card, she had followed him about, endeavoring to obtain a dance. Ten Eyck had sold most of the dances previously, and had but this one in reserve. She had counted upon obtaining at least this one, but here that miserable section hand's daughter had stepped in and robbed her of her anticipated moment of bliss and triumph. A gleam of the intensest bitterness disturbed the repose of her face, as Ten Eyck's monotonous voice fell like a knell on her ears:

"Are there no further bids?" A pause, and then: "Sold to Miss Worth for one thousand pounds."

The crowd in the room began to break and scatter, some of the girls shrugging their shoulders with cynical philosophy, others depressed and disappointed beyond measure at the escape of this brilliant opportunity. After a time there was no one remaining in the room save the Honorable Geraldine Pembroke and Helen Worth.

Miss Pembroke came across the room slowly, with the motion of one about to sting. The smile upon her dry lips was not reflected in her steely blue eyes.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she said as sweetly as though she were paying a compliment, "upon obtaining what I am sure was well worth following our prince to his native land."

"Nothing," said Helen with provoking calmness, "is too good for an American girl at any price—and we generally have the price. I didn't want the dance myself. I wouldn't dance with him if I could. Just didn't want you to have it."

"Ah, indeed; you certainly amuse me,

my dear Miss Worth. And why, pray, did you not want me to have the dance?"

"I don't like you," said Helen bluntly, setting her teeth together, as the other burst into a ripple of mirthless mocking laughter.

"You don't like me," repeated Miss Pembroke, "I declare, my dear Miss Worth, you are very amusing, do you know. And, pray, why do you not like me? Is it because, dear Miss Worth, somebody we both love does?"

Helen turned a scornful lip.

"If you mean Mr. Stuart," she said, "I don't believe it. And as for my loving him, you are very much mistaken. You are judging me by yourself, though I cannot really believe you do love him for himself. You love merely his title, wealth. You would influence him against his good. I think I understand you—perfectly!"

Miss Pembroke's face had become a gray-greenish color. Her eyes had narrowed.

"You are insulting—ill-bred——" she began.

It was Helen's turn to laugh. She drew back the heavy plush curtains and stood back against them, a picture of triumphant loveliness.

"Anyhow," she said childishly, "I've robbed you of your coveted dance, haven't I?"

There was that in her beautiful, mocking face as she dropped the curtain and vanished into the vast ball room that caused the Honorable Miss Pembroke to make an uncontrollable movement after her, and then to turn back baffled, her hands clenched, her white sharp teeth set hard.

VIII.

A NERVOUS LOVER.

It had been raining all day, a drizzly, sleety downpour. Helen glanced complainingly at the gray rain beating against the window, and then at Jean, who with her eyes closed was lying in a lounging chair, her mind wandering back to that delirious ball at the Countess of Essfolk's.

It had been a wonderful night for Jean, the greatest night of her life, she believed. Percy Pembroke had proposed to her while they were in the midst of a waltz, his arm close about her, her head almost resting against his shoulder, floating in and out among that great assemblage, whirling hither and thither, back and forth, and forgetting in the delight of the waltz all save the one vital fact that they were in love with each other. Percy had found the courage to say to the girl that something he had never been brave enough to stammer, even when they were completely alone together. But there amid the throng his heart had found an eloquent voice.

"I know," he had faltered, "that this is not the place to make a—a girl an offer of one's soul, but I love you, and I want you for my wife."

And Jean had replied with an eerie little laugh:

"Oh you are treading on my skirt. Why didn't you tell me long ago? People are closing in about us. There, don't stop. Yes, yes, yes, of course, I will marry you."

That was two weeks ago. Since then these two young people jealously had sought to guard their secret, until Helen had guessed the truth and had accused her cousin. Whereupon Jean had poured all the truth into Helen's sympathetic ears. Acting upon her advice, they had decided to brave Mrs. Worth's displeasure after all, and this day, the Honorable Mr. Percy Albe-marle Lonsdale Pembroke was coming to their hotel in order to see, not his lady love, but her parents, and to beg, entreat, if it became necessary, the precious boon of Jean's little hand.

"Such a gray, gruesome city," fretted Helen with a sob in her throat, "I am sick, sick, sick of it. When will we ever go home, or are we to continue eternal exiles here?"

"London," sighed Jean with pardonable sentimentality, "is romantic. I love it!"

"It isn't London you love," said Helen. "It's simply a man—a mere man!"

Jean smiled happily and blushed.

"Well, dearie, if you only could do the same, you wouldn't be so restless, so constantly miserable."

"Oh, you are talking nonsense," said Helen, almost roughly.

Arising she moved about the room restlessly.

"Are we to stay in all day? I believe the Creator singled out London as the receptacle for His tears, because there is so much misery and shame and distress everywhere here."

Jean shrunk cosily into her chair.

"What time is it, dear?" she inquired idly.

"Not time yet," said Helen, "only quarter after two. He doesn't come till four, does he?"

"Four," repeated Jean dreamily. Then sitting up, "and, Helen, you've fixed it all right with mommy and poppy?"

"I've got Aunt Patty into a fair frame of mind by hinting at my own possible sacrifice to an ignoble noble, and Uncle Alvah has employed himself the entire morning exercising his courage to face the inevitable storm. Note, my dear, he did not appear at breakfast—nor lunch. Had it taken in to him, if you please. Something's about to happen to your father, Miss Worth."

"Oh, Helen, if mommy only would!"

There was a rap at the door and at Helen's response an attendant entered with a card.

"The Honorable Percy Albemarle Lonsdale Pembroke! What, already!"

Jean seized the card and rushed breathlessly from the room with it.

"Show him up," said Helen calmly.

A few moments later the Honorable Percy Albemarle Lonsdale Pembroke had entered. His manner was indicative of courage strained to such a tension that he was in danger of collapsing from sheer nervousness and fear. His face wore a quivering, imbecile and still albeit an heroic expression.

"Well, what has become of our nice big manly fellow?" thought Helen.

"The poor fellow is quite wilted."

She shook hands with him cordially,

and sat down beside him on the sofa with a little comforting smile.

"You've come an hour earlier than we expected. Jean—er—was lying down a little while. I've sent for her."

She could not resist smiling, as she thought of her cousin's recent precipitate exit.

"—er—ah—er—ahem—ah—yes to be sure. I am a little early, don't you know." He cleared his throat painfully. "A beautiful day, isn't it?" said he.

"Charming," said Helen solemnly, with a spasmodic effort not to laugh, as the rain swirled about the window.

"You know—er—Miss Helen—of my attentions to your cousin. She has told you, I understand?"

"I've witnessed them myself," said Helen, smiling despite herself at his wretchedness.

Percy Pembroke blushed furiously.

"I meant to say—intentions," he stammered.

"Yes, I know," smiled Helen encouragingly.

"I wish to speak to——"

"Her mother?" She half rose, but Percy stretched out a detaining hand.

"I entreat you, Miss Helen," he implored, "not yet. It was—Jean I wished to see."

Jean, who had apparently been waiting and listening behind the portieres, now came back into the room. With a bright, courageous smile she went straight to her nerveless lover. Helen marveled at her bravery and arose to leave.

"Don't be frightened, Percy," said Jean in a soothing voice, "mommy isn't so bad and poppy is a perfect angel."

"And if you just face Aunt Patty down with some of her own powder and shot why the field's won," added Helen as she opened the door.

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Pembroke, as fired with courage by the presence of his sweetheart he drew himself up bravely, "I'll, I'll see her now, at once, if you think best."

"That's the way to talk. Get the thing over as quickly as you can. Just take the bull by the horns. Come along,

Jeanie, you and I will go to Aunt Patty at once and let her down gently and gradually."

IX.

THE BOSS.

"There's one thing," said Mrs. Worth, "that's got to stop, and that's your lukewarm support of my efforts for the good of the family. You, Alvah, went and told everybody that we met over here that you weren't going to fix up any old ruins belonging to a suitor of your daughter."

Helen coughed, and her aunt became aware of the entrance of the two girls into the room.

"And you, Jeanette Worth," she continued, "have been acting most disgraceful ever since that reception at the Countess of Essfolk's. When the Duke of Arble proposed to you—and he has such an old, old castle—you must have said something impertinent to him, for he was furious."

"Told him," said Jean, "no, thank you—no ruins for me!"

"You did!" exploded her father, sitting up and throwing down the newspaper behind which he had attempted to shelter himself from his wife's tongue. "You did! You did! Haw-haw-haw-haw-haw-haw! What did he say to that?"

"Oh, re-ah-ly!" mimicked Jean.

"Alvah!" said Mrs. Worth with a withering glance. "You're forgetting yourself. What are you laughing at? As for you, Jeanette Worth, you shall marry Baron Steinkelmer the next time he proposes. You, who have had dukes, earls, counts to choose from, shall put up at last with a little German baron."

"I marry that little German!" The mere thought of it rendered Jean hysterical. "I won't do it!"

Mrs. Worth's rage burst all bounds.

"You slangy, disobedient——"

"Hold on there!" roared Alvah Worth, springing violently to his feet.

Unmindful of that voice of command his wife continued:

"You will do as I say."

"Damn it, I say, hold on!" shouted

Worth in a still more thunderous voice.

"Don't you dare swear at me, sir," burst out his wife, turning on him.

"I'll swear, if I damn please," roared her unruly lord.

"You won't!" said his wife.

"Damn it!"

"Alvah! Alvah!" cried his wife.

"Damn it, I say," repeated Alvah Worth.

"Alvah, leave the room!"

"Now, see here, madam," said Worth in a voice she had never heard before. "Damn my old bones, if the girl isn't right. She shan't marry any baron or any one else, unless she wants to."

"Alvah, you are forgetting yourself—forgetting that you are speaking to me!"

"I know to whom I am speaking," said Worth, moving his head back and forth. "I have forgotten myself too long, madam. My daughter shall marry any good man she loves and who loves her."

There was an impetuous rush across the room and Jean was in his arms.

"Oh, father!" was all she said.

With his arm about the young girl, Alvah Worth continued to defy his spouse.

"As for you, madam, you're going home with me and my daughter and niece on the first steamer. I've put my foot down to stay. The men are on strike at my mines. We've been over here too long and, anyway, madam, I am tired of trooping around country houses, scraping acquaintances with titled men that to home would be working for me at twelve per week and getting a damned sight more than they are worth, and what's more I'm heartily sick of living on steaks and chops and French foreign musses at your hotels or ponshone."

"I won't go home!" shrieked Mrs. Worth.

"You won't, heh?"

"No, I won't!"

"Well, then, I say you will. I'm going to look up a steamship right away. You, madam, pack up at once, bag and baggage."

He put Jean from him, reached for his hat and started for the door.

In tears Mrs. Worth sank into a chair.

"Wait a minute, uncle, dear," and Helen, whose bright eyes were shining with tears, very tenderly caught his arm at the door.

"Well?" inquired her uncle gruffly.

"You're forgetting—Mr. Pembroke. He is waiting to speak to you."

"And, oh, poppy," wailed Jean, "we can't go back to America just yet—because—because—"

"Ah-hm-m-m-m!" growled Mr. Worth, "I'll see that young man of yours a moment."

Jean put a pleading little hand to his arm.

"Father?"

"Well, daughter?"

"Make up with mother. Just look at her."

"She's got to stand round."

"Please!" begged Jean.

"I've stood this thing for twenty-five years. It's my turn now to be boss for the next twenty-five. I'll make her humble and fit to live with. I don't intend to spend any more time dangling around hotels here or in America. I intend to go straight back to our home in Illinois, and there I intend to stay, and be boss, too."

"Father, remember she's mother."

"Well, we'll see after I've seen your young man," said her father, carefully refraining from looking at his wife as he went out quickly.

With a warm exclamation of pity Jean put her arms lovingly about her mother.

"There, there, mommie dear, don't cry."

"After all these years—" sobbed Mrs. Worth.

"Never mind, mommie—"

"To think for twenty-five years—"

Helen moved impatiently. Yes, she thought, for twenty-five years she's reigned as a despot. It's hard for her to give up power.

"There, don't cry, mommy, love," soothed Jean lovingly. "It's a small

matter, anyway. Poppy ought to have been boss long ago."

With a final convulsive shoulder movement, Mrs. Worth sat up, drying a profusion of tears as rapidly as a wet handkerchief permitted.

"My dear child," she said, "it's not that at all. But to think that after all these miserable years, when I thought your father unable to govern himself, let alone us, that I've been mistaken; that he didn't interfere after all simply out of charity to me. What a noble husband I have, and, oh-h-h-h, how I have misjudged him!"

Helen's face was an exclamation point, so amazed was she at this double revelation of the characters of her uncle and aunt.

"Well, Aunt Patty, you certainly are a funny woman."

"I want to go right home now," sobbed Mrs. Worth.

The two girls' eyes met above her head.

"You will have to wait just a little bit," said Jean softly.

"There's a small matter, Aunt Patty, that requires settling first."

"And to think," snuffed Mrs. Worth, "that I've been mistaken in my ideas for years; that I've got a daughter more womanly than I am."

"Never, dear heart," said Jean, "you're mother!"

With a look of anguished resolution on her face Mrs. Worth arose.

"I'll go and pack right away," she said, "I want to be alone."

She went from the room with something gone from her gait and her head bent quite down.

"Poor Aunt Patty," said Helen compassionately, "I am afraid she'll pack a great many broken ideals and ideas away into the clothes."

"But," said Jean, catching her breath, "we mustn't let her pack at all. What of Percy? We just can't go home till I'm—"

"Oh, it won't hurt her to do a little packing. She'll work her feelings off that way."

Mr. Worth's face appeared at the door.

"Ah-h-h-m-m-m—Jean," said he, "go into the other room. Somebody is waiting for you."

Jean gave one glance of inquiry at her father's face. What she saw there must have satisfied her completely, for she sprang at him, threw her arms about his neck and gave him one of those impetuous hugs that Mr. Worth treasured as a memory of her childhood days. Then she ran from the room like a little happy child.

"Uncle, you are a darling," said Helen, at the back of his chair, kissing his bald spot.

"Come, tell your chum all about it," said she. "What did he say?"

"W-a-a-l," said Mr. Worth, who was delighted by demonstrations of affection from his "little girls," he's the right sort, even if he was scared out of his wits for a moment. Stuttered and spluttered and stammered and then came out with the fact that he was in love with our little puss. Then he went on to ramble about having asked the little one in American style herself first, and now, in accord with his continental breeding, he wished to speak to her dad."

"Take her and God bless you," said I, and he never squirmed when I squeezed his hand like this."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Helen.

"And what about our going home, uncle?"

"Wa-al, I'll take a little run across by myself, straighten up things at the mines and get back in time for my daughter's wedding."

"Aunt Patty won't let you go without her."

"Yes, she will, when she's got a check to spend in London and Paris on my daughter's trousseau."

"When are they going to be married?"

"That's not just certain. The young chap wants to straighten out some affairs. Had the sand to tell me he wouldn't marry till he cleared himself of debt."

"Good for him! He's a nice boy!"

"He's of good stock. Now his sister, there's a fine girl for you!"

Helen sprang up restlessly.

"I don't agree with you," she said, "and, uncle, you ought to go to poor Aunt Patty now."

"I'll fix her," said Mr. Worth with a grim smile.

"Now, don't——" began Helen in some alarm.

"I'll dry her tears," said Mr. Worth, going out.

X.

THE PRINCE IS ILL.

It had been a busy day for Stuart. In the morning he had advertised some drawings of the American society girl ordered at Marheim's. Personally he despised the things, over which he enthused, while an agitated throng trooped about him, hanging upon his words. They were black and white sketches of young women, "types," he called them. All the figures in the sketches were girls with phenomenally long necks, elevated chins, preposterous waists and eyes abnormally large and intense in expression. They wore gowns of unusual design.

"They look like cleverly drawn fashion plates," thought Stuart. What he said aloud was:

"These are perfectly exquisite types of the American girl as she is. This artist is a positive genius. Note the poise of the head, the grace of the neck, the suppleness of the waist and the depths of expression in the eyes."

These words cost the artist five hundred pounds, but before the day was over the local newspapers of London and the art journals had enrolled a new name in their columns. All fashionable London had a new lion and fad.

The prince next attended a pretty wedding, where the innocent, shy little bride looked across her bridal bouquet with longing eyes, not at the man she was marrying but at the Prince Charles Stuart, whose presence at her wedding had cost her father a thousand pounds and the church that much again. She smiled as she thought of the notices in the newspapers to follow.

The prince's luncheon, partaken at

1 o'clock, was not a restful meal. Here his jaws had done double service. They had praised and masticated at one and the same time the food placed before him by a servile waiter who paid to wait upon him. His presence at the restaurant marked the beginning of its popularity. Not the smallest utterance fell from his lips, but some one overheard it and cleverly tossed it from one end of the room to the other. Moreover, the restaurant was strangely crowded with patrons of a distinguished and fashionable order. Hitherto, it had been noted chiefly for its bohemianism, and in time as this quality increased to the verge of fastness, its original good patronage had dwindled away until the restaurant was on the eve of failure.

When the proprietor signed away almost the last of his bank account to Ten Eyck, he thanked that gentleman with tears in his eyes, as he regarded the steadily increasing crowd of customers coming and going.

"I was on the verge of bankruptcy. People were blackballing my place, but after to-day——"

"Your place will overflow. Your credit will be unlimited. Prince Charles Edward Stuart has set his mark of approval upon it."

After luncheon the prince, in company with his equerry, paid his respects at Buckingham Palace, where he was received by the King and Queen, as though he were, indeed, their cousin, as they always insisted upon calling him. The visit was short but fruitful. All London was made aware that his gift to the Queen was an exquisite volume of love lyrics. The author became famous in a day and the publishers fabulously wealthy.

After this the prince attended an afternoon reception where he advertised certain articles of clothing and also voiced his admiration for a new kind of silk which a manufacturer had recently imported. Leaving the reception, he drove in the park for an hour with the Marchioness of Cranberry, and then returned to his home.

His valet observed that he looked

pale and fatigued, and the prince wearily assented that he was extremely bored. He said he was not at all well. He had no time, however, to stop and drink the refreshing cup of tea Dennis brought him, but dressed for dinner hastily and was driven hurriedly to the home of Mrs. Lorrimer Potter, a rich American woman, whose ambitions it was to become a reigning beauty. For the sum of twenty-five hundred pounds, paid to the prince's equerry, she accomplished her ambition. The prince dined alone with her this night, thus publicly giving the impression that the prince had a new favorite.

She was a radiantly beautiful woman, but she was so excited over her prospective triumph that her wit was forced and fell flat on the tired ears of the jaded prince. With no one save this woman to watch his every action, he dropped for a space his wonted mask of gayety and insouciance, permitting himself to show the weariness that was sickening his soul.

Mrs. Potter afterward referred to his absent manner as something too exquisitely dreamy and sentimental for words. "The prince," she said, "had lost his usual flowing tongue when once alone in her presence." The society papers babbled that it was because he was so deeply smitten with her extraordinary charms.

He had an engagement at 9 o'clock this evening for a reception given by the Duchess of Arble. Bored, distraught and ineffably weary after leaving Mrs. Potter, Prince Charles Stuart arrived at the brilliant function where a gaping mass of people breathlessly awaited his appearance.

Though his glittering smile flashed out right and left, he looked pale and old. It was while he was in the midst of a hackneyed peroration upon the merits of a perfume which was destined to become the rage in Europe that he suddenly turned a sickening color and swayed forward.

A great murmur of consternation and excitement swept over the place.

Dashing forward, Ten Eyck caught the prince's arm and helped him to a

seat, while Northrup placed a quiet, calculating hand upon his shoulder.

"Your highness is ill?"

The prince opened his pale lips and murmured something just as Helen Worth, as white as the prince himself, frantically pushed her way through the crowd.

"What is it?" She looked up at Northrup with eyes that were wide with startled fear. "Mr. Stuart—he is ill?"

Northrup moistened his lips and raised his voice.

"His highness," he said, "has had a fainting spell. He desires some one to go at once for Doctors Hartley, Burns and Tindale, and wishes to have some Llewellyn water brought him at once."

"Oh!" Helen exclaimed, and believed she understood. He was posing then to advertise doctors and patent medicines! She had not imagined he would sink to such smallness. She was moving away as though stung, when Percy Pembroke touched her arm.

"Helen," he said, "the prince is really ill. I heard him ask for you, and Northrup is trying to get him away before he speaks to you. You would better follow them. They're taking him into that little room. Come, I'll go with you."

They were half carrying, half leading the prince away from the crowded ball room. As they laid him down upon the couch, Helen entered with Percy Pembroke. Northrup turned to them with bland courtesy.

"Pardon, the prince cannot stand the intrusion at this time of guests."

The prince's weak head suddenly elevated itself rigidly.

"I desire to speak to Miss Worth a moment," he said in a faint voice.

Helen went close beside him, standing tall over the couch, on which he lay.

"Helen," he said, "your face seemed to start out upon me from the crowd of a sudden. I was suffering from insomnia and nervousness and my strength gave way completely."

She bent forward with an expression of infinite entreaty in her eyes.

"Ah, I could not believe that you were merely feigning——"

"Ever since I saw you last," he continued in a weak voice, "I have longed, hungered to see you again. Stoop down here, Helen. I want to whisper to you."

Still lower she bent to him, until she sank on her knees beside him.

"I love you, only you," he breathed. "I beg you to drop your notions, and in their shattering sound the tocsin of my happiness." His voice grew suddenly devoid of all color, "Yes, yes, Northrup," he cried. "Fair America deserves a word of compliment before—ah, doctors!——"

"Consult your masters," almost hissed the girl; "first ask permission of the syndicate, of which I now have learned through the chance stupidity of your drunken equerry."

The prince burst into delirious laughter.

"Such a funny, funny joke!" he babbled to Northrup, as the girl walked with high head from the room. "Why, we were exchanging witticisms and she—and—ah—ha-ha-ha-ha—aa-a."

The prince was in violent hysterics. Fifteen minutes later an astute bargain was being driven by Ten Eyck with her grace, the Duchess of Arble.

For the sum of two thousand pounds a week the prince should remain during his illness in Arble House.

XI.

PNEUMONIA FOR A PROFIT.

The news of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's sudden illness spread throughout the entire kingdom. No event in years had caused such intense excitement. The most remarkable demonstrations were taking place everywhere. Citizens flocked from every nook and corner of the kingdom to London, and literally lined the streets which led up to Arble House, patiently awaiting word of his condition.

Outside the walls that cut off the grounds about the palace, bulletins were daily posted, telling of the prog-

ress of the prince's illness. The nation lived under a strain. Their idol was at the gates of death. People looked at each other with bewildered eyes. The death of Prince Charles Stuart would mean much to them. Some great subtle force had done its work well among them.

On the fifth day of his illness the crowd that had gathered outside the palace read with sinking heart the following bulletin:

8.15 P. M. The prince is in a critical condition.

P. D. HARTLEY, M. D.

L. M. BURNS, M. D.

BURTON TINDALE, M. D.

At 9.30 o'clock the following morning the prince's equerry came from the palace with drooping head. To a number of reporters he said:

"The prince is still alive—he is a very ill man, however. Pneumonia is a hard thing to fight against. No, gentlemen, I can give you no good news."

Toward evening of the same day, another bulletin appeared:

"The prince has not gained during the day, though the respiratory function has so far improved that the use of oxygen is no longer necessary. The influence of the persisting inflammation in the upper lobes is still manifest."

P. D. HARTLEY, M. D.

L. M. BURNS, M. D.

BURTON TINDALE, M. D.

Shortly after the posting of this bulletin, Dr. Hartley came from the palace at nine in the evening. He said:

"I am by no means discouraged about the prince's condition. To-night he is better in this regard and worse in that."

In the morning the bulletin, that flamed out its message to an expectant nation, contained the comforting words:

"The prince had a better night and the symptoms have improved. The delirium was replaced by natural sleep. He is still seriously ill and fever still continues."

Later came another still more hopeful bulletin:

"The prince has gained since morn-

ing. The temperature and pulse are lower and in every direction improvement is noted."

At this announcement the crowd outside the palace cheered itself hoarse. For a few following days the bulletins continued to bring cheer to the people, and finally it was announced that he was on the road to quick recovery and in a few days would be able to sit up.

Public interest in the prince's illness was so widespread that not even a recent indisposition of the King had caused such strong excitement. Touching evidences of anxiety in the shape of tokens, gifts of flowers, and notes poured in upon Arble House.

The most motley throng watched and waited with pale faces for word of him, even after he had been pronounced out of danger. Cabmen bellowed inquiries at the lackeys standing at the gates. From seven in the morning until midnight, women and men clustered before the newspaper bulletin boards. Some after reading them would turn and leave as rapidly as they came. Others waited to question and leave their cards and flowers to be sent to the prince's apartments.

Men on their way down town to their daily toll turned aside and lingered by Arble House. While many came in carriages, there were men and women roughly and shabbily dressed who came on foot to inquire after his state with the deepest anxiety evidenced in their voices. London had put on a mourning garb and commerce had turned listless.

Men and women, rich and poor, old and young, evinced the same extraordinary feeling. If the chalk-written words of the bulletin were a message of bad news, they turned mournfully away. If the message was one of good news, the faces of the inquirers showed relief and comfort.

Prayers were going up from the pulpits of churches all over the kingdom. Telegrams of extreme anxiety came from all parts of the world to the Stock Exchange, to Members of Parliament and to the Lord Mayor of London.

Meanwhile, within Arble House a curious farce was being enacted.

The prince, though a trifle ill from sleeplessness and nervousness, was, in fact, in anything but the critical state of health the public believed, nor at no time had he suffered from the smallest symptom of pneumonia. After a brief illness of a day, during which he kept to his bed, the only symptoms he showed were extreme nervousness, anxiety to be up, testiness at his enforced confinement and a demand for the papers.

When these were refused him he grew intensely moody and depressed, querulously demanding of Northrup why he was denied these privileges. Northrup responded by telling him that he was a very sick man and the doctors had forbidden his reading anything at all. The prince laughed angrily at such a supposition, and insisted that beyond being a little weak he was not at all ill. Northrup informed him that it was their intention that he should remain in bed for a few weeks. This made the prince very angry, and he demanded that he should be told at once just what Northrup was contemplating. He was not to be put off in that fashion.

He knew nothing of the amazing reports concerning his illness that Northrup had caused to be circulated throughout England, nor was he even aware of the anxiety with which his recovery was watched by an expectant nation.

As his enforced confinement dragged out into a few days and he was not permitted even to arise, he became more uneasy. He sent for Northrup and in emphatic terms this time demanded the truth. And Northrup told it to him, advising him at the same time to calm himself, because, if it was shown that he was not really ill at all, people would jeer at him for the pretense. It was now five days since he had been confined within his rooms. The prince took the matter calmly, asked when he could be at liberty again, and seemed satisfied with the permission that he might at least arise and move about the two rooms set apart for him.

XII.

AGAIN MEPHISTOPHELES.

One day an accident, unlooked for by Northrup, happened. He had left the prince for a time while he went to the city on important business. The mail having been brought in, the prince fell eagerly upon it. Before a roaring fireplace his equerry Ten Eyck was sound asleep, his feet stretched toward the fender.

The prince fumbled among the letters at first curiously, then aimlessly. "After all," he thought, "they are merely congratulations upon my recovery." Then he found a small blue envelope addressed to him in a handwriting that he knew well. With fingers that trembled he opened it quickly. Her words struck his heart like a knife:

How can I know whether this will ever reach you? I write in the hope that in some miraculous way it will. I shall write such a note to you each and every day, trusting that one of them at least may fall into your hands. I want to beg your forgiveness for my cruelty. I thought you merely acting, that you were not really ill, and I spoke bitter words that I would give my life now to recall.

I cannot tell you of the anguish I have suffered as from day to day I have read of your illness. Should you die, I shall feel as if I had your blood upon my head. You are ill, helpless, perhaps miserable, and I have the memory of my cruel, taunting words. If I could be with you you would understand all the contrition that is breaking my heart. The Charles Stuart I knew in America had no contemptible part, and I cannot believe that Charles Stuart, Prince, is any the less noble, even though I pity the ambition that is robbing him of his strength.

HELEN.

The shadows in the room lengthened and flickered, grew grayer, deeper, mistier. And still in the dull, cheerless English room the Prince Stuart sat forward with that look of ruin upon his face, while stretched out in a big arm chair, cutting off the blaze of the grate from the rest of the room, his equerry snored aloud.

It was the soft coming into the room

of Northrup that brought the prince back into vivid wakefulness.

"Ah," said Northrup, insidiously glancing at the letter and then at the slumbering Ten Eyck, "so your highness has been reading the mail."

He moved across the room, and awoke Ten Eyck with a savage push.

"You forget your duties," he said sternly, as the startled Ten Eyck awoke in alarm. He moved back to the prince.

"Your highness has had bad news?" he inquired blandly.

"If you will leave me alone just a moment, both of you," said the prince quietly, "I shall be grateful."

Ten Eyck glanced at Northrup for direction, and then as the latter made a motion with his head, he stumbled out, pushed along by Northrup's hands. Then Northrup himself paused a moment at the door with a peculiar smile and a slight shrug of his shoulders. He went out very softly, bowing meanwhile to the prince, whose head was quite bent.

"A prince!" he groaned, "a master, but a slave! My every movement determined to a trifle by—a—a-syndicate!"

Northrup had come back into the room so softly that, when the prince looked up bewildered and saw him standing there with that strange smile in his cruel eyes, he sprang to his feet with an ejaculation of almost uncanny fear.

"Northrup," he cried in a queer sharp voice, "I am tired of this refined slavery, a slavery whose bonds are of silk and whose prison is the mind. I am tired of being the focus merely of a syndicate, its dial, its mouthpiece."

Northrup tapped on the table with a long expressive finger.

"Prince," he said in that low clear voice, "when first I talked with you I outlined several courses of action, several stages. I began with the leadership of the fashionable world, the domination of the world of art. These you have attained. There remains now political supremacy. So far you have been merely frivolous. There's profit

in syndicated frivolity, but there's all in political supremacy."

"You mean—" gasped Stuart, with a ghastly expression.

"I had hoped," continued Northrup with his powerful magnetic eyes upon the other, "that ere this you would have tired of the frivolous, of your clothes, your pictures, your painters and poets. If you did not, our ambition was limited to inferior spheres."

"You mean—?" Stuart's throat was quite parched, his eyes seemed starting from his head. He leaned against the table as if for support.

"One minute," Northrup crossed the room and touched a bell. A liveried automaton responded almost on the instant.

"Call Langyle!" commanded Northrup. "He is in the library waiting."

He turned back to Stuart as the servant departed.

"I had anticipated this moment, you see. I may say I have hoped for it in fact."

"What do you mean by these hints of political spheres? I fail to understand your hidden meaning."

"You are now—who, what?"

"Charles Edward Stuart, Prince."

"Well, then, I mean not Charles Edward Stuart, Prince. That is frivolity merely. I mean," he said, looking the prince full in the face, and leaning across the table, "Charles Stuart, King!"

"King!" echoed Stuart, in an awed voice, "King!"

The door was thrown open by a servant and the Duke of Langyle entered. He was a smooth-faced, bald-headed diplomat, with the eyes of a hawk. He was a powerful man in the House of Lords, but he was in bad odor with the reigning family.

"Tell Prince Charles Edward Stuart," said Northrup briefly, "what is being done to bring about Charles Stuart, King."

"Your highness," said Langyle, with a deep bow, "throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland determined and crafty bodies of men are working to bring about a revulsion

of feeling toward the Stuart family, and toward the present representative of the Stuarts. Scotland has been promised back the descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots; Ireland is wild for revolt against the present house; England and Wales are disgusted with the greed and selfishness of the present King. Your essays and pamphlets and your wealth have been circulated freely everywhere. There is not the smallest quarter of the kingdom that is not systematically controlled and in the hands of our captains and lieutenants, several of whom abide in every district and personally handle and minister to the people. To the masses your pamphlets breathe democracy. The nobles are assured they are but devices of American campaigning. The upper classes have been promised monopolies, the restoration of old estates, the masses democracy and a republic.

"Your culture, your patronage of the fine arts, your blood and the name of Stuart have made you the head of national sentiment among the intelligent. I speak for the classes to which I belong. Members of Parliament, peers have been approached——"

"That will do, Langyle," interrupted Northrup quietly. "Not too much at once, if you please."

Langyle bowed with servile obedience to Northrup and withdrew immediately.

"Witness the power I wield, I who speak to a peer of the realm as though he were a lackey," said Northrup.

"The throne of the Stuarts——?" said the prince breathlessly, in his excitement crumpling the little blue letter in his hand.

"Is not yet attained," said Northrup coldly. "Much remains to be done."

"It shall be done!" cried out Stuart with a great burst of enthusiasm.

"You have heard the opinion of the classes," said Northrup, "hear that of the masses. But show yourself at yonder window——"

He pushed the prince forward, out to the balcony, below which the bulletins had spoken each day in lettered fire.

An immense cry went up from the throats of thousands and thousands of people.

"Stuart! Stuart! Long live Stuart! Long live the House of Stuart!"

The prince staggered back into the room, both hands pressed wildly to his head.

"A king!" he cried aloud, "I—Charles Stuart, King!"

"A king!" echoed Northrup, and then in so soft a voice that not one word of it reached the ear of the excited prince he added, "A king owned by a syndicate!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Charles of Roumania.

By ALFRED STEAD.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

SOME forty years ago—to be exact, on May 20, 1866—a young man might have been observed quietly leaving a steamer at Turnu Severin on the Danube and disembarking on what was then Turkish territory, although the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia enjoyed autonomy. So little did his fellow-passengers regard him that their only interest was that a passenger whose ticket was for Odessa should leave the boat at Turnu Severin. Three days later that young man, who was no other than Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, second son of Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern, was proclaimed Prince of Roumania at Bukarest.

And on May 23, 1906, King Charles I. of a free Roumania celebrated his forty years of reign and saw what was once a Turkish vassal state standing proudly erect amongst the European nations. Where once was chaos, corruption and the worst remains of the Phanariot rule, to-day is an orderly state, bound in friendly alliance with Great Powers, and, more important still, an example to the world of peaceful internal development and a tranquil but persistent foreign policy which seeks friendship everywhere and is not overruled and endangered by a too fierce desire of change or aggrandizement, such as often characterizes small states.

So remarkable a change in so short a time merits consideration, for Roumania, as it stands to-day, is the work of one man, and that man a foreign

prince, who has nevertheless become the best Roumanian of all the Roumanians and who has shown himself not only to be a great prince in a small state, but one who stands in the very forefront of the categories of sovereigns, past and present. Indeed, it may be said that King Charles of Roumania has only one rival among his royal or imperial peers, and that is the present Emperor of Japan. To these two monarchs alike has been given to see in forty years incredible changes in their states, and in both cases these changes, this progress, are due to the guiding hand of the chief of state.

Roumania may well be proud to be called the Japan of Europe—now a term of praise and highest honor. She has achieved, in the midst of the incessant jealousy and opposition of Europe, much that the free Empire of the Far East has accomplished. But, in all justice, it must be recorded that the progress of Roumania, if less great, is perhaps more meritorious even than that of Japan. To a small state, which was hampered at every turn by Turkish reaction and European greed or ignorance, with frontiers marching with great empires, the opportunities of progress were much less facile than in the island Empire of Japan, comparatively free from outside influence.

King Charles came a stranger to a strange, vassal country, with only his own unalterable determination, his strong sense of duty, and his Hohenzollern ancestry to back him up. The Roumanians do not lack patriotism,

their past history affords ample proof of that, and that patriotism it is which enabled them to hold fast to their position as the outpost of Europe in the Near East.

But it was a non-regulated and often undisciplined patriotism, sometimes even exploited against the aims of the country by outside Powers or indigenous aspirants. Little by little, however, the foreign prince, inspiring by his example, upholding by his buoyant confidence, has systematized and strengthened the love of the Roumanians for their country until to-day not even the evil, insidious dregs of Phanariotism or the harmful influences of foreign education can hope to prevail against the more healthy national spirit permeating the people over whom he rules.

Never has King Charles swerved from his determination to lead Roumania forward, as he declared on his arrival in the country in the following noble words:

"Elected spontaneously by the nation, I have left without hesitation my country and my family, in order to reply to the call of this people, who has confided its destinies to me. On setting foot on this sacred ground I have also become a Roumanian. The acceptance of the plebiscite imposes upon me great duties, I do not doubt it. I hope that it may be granted to me to fulfil them. I bring you a loyal heart, right thoughts, a firm desire to do good, a devotion without limits toward my new country, and an invincible respect for the law that I have acquired by the example of my own. Citizen to-day, soldier to-morrow, if it be necessary, I will share with you both good and ill fortune. For the future all is common to us. Have confidence in me as I have confidence in you. God alone knows what the future has in store for our country! As for us, let us be content to do our duty! Let us strengthen ourselves by peace! Let us unite our energies in order to be equal to events. The Providence which has brought your Elected Prince here, and which has removed every obstacle from my road, will not leave its work unfinished."

Confident words for a young man to use on the first day of his arrival in his country, but it was the confidence born of a recognition of duty and a calm reflection, not of the rash, impetuous assurance of youth. This serene confidence, this ability to come to a deter-

mination and abide by it, sounds the keynote of the character of King Charles of Roumania. Pre-eminent amongst all the various facts and events which led up to his acceptance of the Roumanian throne, stands out the fact that he never hesitated, once he had determined to become the ruler of the Danubian provinces.

A brief glance at the facts of his election will show that there was cause enough to have made even a courageous man falter, though they served only to strengthen the young Hohenzollern prince, based as he was on the bedrock of duty. "When in difficulties and unable to see clearly my path," he said once, "I follow what I take to be my duty and have never found it to fail me."

The Roumanians, even before the union of the two provinces, had never ceased to struggle forward, but it was due to their foreign prince that they were able to achieve their desire. "For seven centuries," runs one of the declarations of the "Lieutenance Principiere" to the National Assembly in 1886, "the Roumanians have struggled to become a powerful State, based on solid and liberal institutions; their struggles to these ends have been heroic, and no history is richer than ours in great deeds, in sacrifices and in abnegation. . . . Since the foundation of their fatherland they have had to fight against many obstacles, against many ambitions, against numerous aspirations of conquest; they have had to struggle against those intrigues which sowed discord amongst them; they have had to fight against armed incursions; they have had to repel at the same time the influx of barbarians and the covetousness of many powerful neighbors; from all these struggles the Roumanians have emerged triumphant. Firm in their faith and in their desire, strong because of their origin and because of their valor, they have traversed all the vicissitudes."

This national force was sapped and corrupted with the advent of the rule of the Phanariot princes, and in 1850 there vegetated two principalities, Mol-

davia and Wallachia, placed under the suzerainty of Turkey and of Russia. Indescribable confusion was the result and the autonomy existed only in theory. This situation was changed by the war in the Crimea, and in 1855 at the Conference of Vienna it was decreed that "the protectorate exercised by Russia . . . shall cease, and the privileges recognized by the Sultans toward the principalities shall in the future be placed under the collective guarantee of the signatory Powers."

This was a great step in advance, but France, which at that time exercised a great predominance in Europe, went still further and at Vienna in a memorandum laid down the settlement she would be glad to see. This included a union between the two principalities, a monarchical form of government, a foreign prince from a reigning European family, and hereditary succession. This was going too far for the Powers, but nevertheless from 1856 the Treaty of Paris gave to the Roumanians the opportunity of progress.

From then until to-day the nation has been animated by the spirit expressed in 1857 by their great statesman, Jean Bratiano, which gives the base upon which their King has been able to rear the imposing national edifice of to-day. Bratiano wrote: "No obstacle will prevent us from reconstructing Roumania. It is now only a question of time and of the road to be traversed, when it means to be or not to be! . . . No, henceforth nothing will arrest again our rush. We have already secured a great victory. Europe has already recognized that we are a people destined to fight and to triumph through freedom. Our place is marked among the nations which constitute the Republic of Europe. It is for us to conquer it."

These statesmanlike words became the national programme. There was no doubt either as to the means the people recognized as most conducive to their progress. In 1857, the Divans ad hoc of Jassy and Bukarest—the National Assemblies under the Treaty of Paris, declared for the union of the

principalities into a single state, the election of a hereditary prince and the neutrality of Roumania. Pending the possibility of finding a foreign prince, a native prince was elected in 1859 in first one and then in the other principality, which thus became united under Alexander Cuza. However, under a native prince Roumania could never hope for peace and advancement, and, before electing Cuza, the Assembly had solemnly reiterated its desire for a foreign prince.

It was imperative to put an end to the intrigues and petty struggles of the various native families who felt that they all had an equal right to occupy the throne. Had Cuza been a man of character, the end might have come less certainly, but his personal equation weighed down the balance and on February 23, 1866, a coup d'état took place and a provisional government was installed, whose first declaration was that they would vote for a foreign prince and persist in so doing until their object was realized.

The fruits of this coup d'état were enormous and may be seen in Roumania to-day. In the words of Demetre Sturdza, the great Roumanian statesman, who by his assistance and patriotism has helped to make Roumania of to-day: "Stability of the State, victorious war, abolition of vassalage, proclamation of independence and of a kingdom, recognition by all the states of the European position of Roumania, honorable reputation acquired in the eyes of the world, considerable intellectual and economic progress in all directions of the activity of a people full of life—these are the fruits of the 23d of February, 1866."

No time was lost after the coup d'état, and the same day the National Assembly elected as Prince of Roumania H. R. H. Count Philip of Flanders, the son of the King of the Belgians. This election, however, was not received with pleasure at Paris, and the Count on the other hand declined the honor. The Roumanians declared on March 24th that they had no desire to elect any save the candidate of

France, and urged upon their agents the necessity for haste and declaring that they were ready to establish a *fait accompli*.

Two days later they received two telegrams as follows: "England has also the conviction that a foreign prince is possible. The candidate of England is Hohenzollern"; and: "Drouyn de Lhuys (French Minister of Foreign Affairs) would be glad to know the candidate of the Roumanian Government. Do you authorize me to name Charles of Hohenzollern? This would present us in a very favorable aspect in the eyes of Napoleon III." Six days later it was possible to telegraph from Berlin: "Charles de Hohenzollern accepts the crown without conditions. He has immediately placed himself in relations with Napoleon III."

At once the Roumanians proceeded to a plebiscite, which resulted in the election of Prince Charles by 685,969 votes to 224, all males above twenty-five being voters. In the Assembly his election was secured by 118 votes, there being six abstentions. The "Lieutenance Princiere" recognized fully the importance of the step and lost no opportunity of urging unanimity. In one of its declarations occurs the following significant passage:

"Even if the Great Powers have left you masters of yourselves, they have nevertheless their eyes fixed upon our future conduct because great European interests are bound up in the destiny of Roumania; it is sufficiently proved that these interests will not permit them to allow the mouths of the Danube to be in the hands of a nation disorganized, dismembered, enfeebled, and, in consequence, very far from being the powerful bulwark for the creation of which the guarantor nations have spent their blood and their gold."

The Roumanians had done their part, but the European situation was sufficiently complicated to throw many obstacles in the path of the consummation of their desire. The Emperor of France and the King of Prussia were both in friendly relations with the young Prince, the latter being the head of his family. But their hands were tied by their mutual agreements with

the Emperor of Russia and other sovereigns. The most they could do was, therefore, to abstain from pronouncing a definite negative to the idea. The Conference of Paris which was dealing with the question, along the slow and devious paths of diplomatic discussion, pronounced itself against the idea of a foreign prince, and was extremely indignant when the Prince and the Roumanians flouted their authority, and, acting on the knowledge that deeds are both speedier and weightier than words, spoiled all their deliberations by laying before them a *fait accompli*.

The one notable feature in the Conference was the declaration by the Turkish delegate that the election of a foreign prince was equivalent to a declaration of the independence of Roumania—events proved how right he was. The success of the candidature of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern lies, beside himself and the Roumanians, to the account of three ladies, his father and Count Bismarck. The three ladies are Madame de Cornu, friend and confidential agent of Napoleon III. of France; Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, wife of the French Foreign Minister, and Baronne de Francke, her intimate friend. Through these three ladies touch was kept upon the sentiments of the courts of Europe, notably that of Napoleon III.

Madame de Cornu was a personal friend of the young prince and worked whole-heartedly for him. Many of her letters are full of the best possible advice and throw much light upon his character. Space does not admit of further reference to this most romantic page in the history of Roumania and her sovereign, but the historian of the future will give due credit to this feminine triumvirate. In April, 1866, Madame Cornu wrote as follows:

"Accept the crown which is offered you. . . . You always wished for a role of more activity, which would put an end to your monotonous life of small utility. I hope that you are satisfied. You will have a fine but heavy task. I am sure that you will not flinch beneath its weight. You are animated by a love of right, by excellent judgment, and you will find yourself far removed from the bad

effects of the external benefits of a high position. You have enjoyed these advantages and have not been satisfied with them. The Roumanians have a great need of being led by incontestable ideas of morality. Immorality is the great drawback of this country, greatly influenced by its long dependance to Turkey."

Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern, the father of the King of Roumania, was undoubtedly in every sense of the word a great statesman. That he was a patriot is shown by the fact that he was the only prince who, in order to secure German unity, sacrificed himself to the extent of descending from the throne. This liberal and far-seeing prince was able to do much to secure the future of his son, and his letters and memoranda set a high standard of statesmanship. Bismarck took ever a kindly interest in the idea and gave every support to the prince's going at once to Roumania: "You are elected prince by a whole nation with unanimous vote: reply to this call, go at once into the country in which you are called to reign." In summing up the attitude of the Powers he said that Russia and Turkey would oppose, Italy, France and England would support, and added significantly that he had "the intention of occupying Austria's attention for some time." Face Europe with a fait accompli, urged the statesman, because though "It is true that the most interested Powers will protest, a protest only remains on paper and a fact cannot be revoked."

It was undoubtedly largely due to the advice of Bismarck that the prince determined to ask for leave from the Prussian Army to travel direct to Roumania. The King of Prussia was not too pleased to consider the idea of a prince of the House of Hohenzollern placing himself under the Turkish suzerainty. The young prince made no secret of his views on this subject: "For the moment," he said, "I will recognize the Turkish suzerainty, but with the tacit reserve of freeing myself from it by force of arms, and of conquering on the field of battle the complete independence of the country which has elected me prince."

Never for a moment did the prince contemplate submitting to an interference on the part of the Sultan in the affairs of his country, and he was able to carry out his determination in a straightforward policy of progression which enabled him to profit by circumstances, not created by him, to secure his country's independence.

It was one thing to decide to go to Roumania, but the imminent outbreak of war with Austria made it quite another to accomplish it. However, armed with a Swiss passport, under the name of Charles Hettingen, the prince arrived in his country and entered it near the bridge of Trajan, an omen for the future which has been amply fulfilled. He came in no spirit of lightness: he had counted the cost and recognized the difficulty. All his Hohenzollern pride was aroused, and he was determined to succeed, though the actual state of things was a little appalling.

"When I accepted the throne of Roumania," he wrote, "I knew that the duties imposed on me were immense. Yet I confess that the difficulties to be conquered are greater even than I had imagined." But he was not daunted, and recognized to the full that saying of the Japanese Emperor Nintoku, "The people's happiness is my happiness, the people's misfortune is my misfortune." "God sends to men trials in order to enable them to prove their moral force and their generosity," is a passage which occurs in one of his earlier declarations, and it would seem that there must have been some supreme need for the calling forth of the moral forces of the Roumanians and their ruler, because the first years of his reign were filled with troubles, political and social. But Prince Charles threw himself heart and soul into the work, and, bearing ever in mind his father's advice, "A reigning prince, if he be wise, and, above all, if he be faithful, should never pursue a personal policy, and should have always in view the national interests," the Roumanian ruler has been singularly free from those personal animosities and their effects which have marred so many

reigns, and turned great nations into weapons for the furtherance of personal spites.

True to his declaration on setting foot upon Roumanian soil, the foreign prince became heart and soul Roumanian. "The welfare of the Roumanian people has become the object of my life," he said. "I have consecrated to the accomplishment of this mission all my moments and all my aspirations." And there was ample need for his devotion. The Great Powers refused him recognition and the Turk threatened war upon him. In order to meet in theory the demand of the Conference of Paris that only a native prince should be elected, the Roumanians granted to all the family of the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen Roumanian nationality.

But it was necessary to secure the approval of the Sultan, and to do this it was necessary to curb pride and demonstrate to the world a state of vassalage. True to the interests of his country, the Hohenzollern prince, proud with the pride of great ancestors, bowed his knee to the Sultan and received recognition five months after his accession. Of all the sacrifices demanded of King Charles this undoubtedly must have been the bitterest, but he saved his country by his act and paved the way for its recognition by the Powers.

For there was need for some steady influence. The country was in a deplorable condition. There was no money and great debts—speculation great and small had been and was rife; agriculture, the main stand-by of the land, was at a standstill. The army, although of good *moral*, was "in most complete administrative disorder." The church and schools were disorganized and debased. In short, the report of the condition of the country presented to him on his arrival was sufficiently gloomy, and it was rendered still worse by the existence of a rich upper class, with lax morality and a poor and struggling peasantry.

The first years of his reign the young prince devoted to becoming acquainted

with his people, traveling some 1,500 kilometres in carriages over indifferent roads, and in endeavoring to ameliorate the finances, the agriculture and the international position of the country. The Assembly had voted him a civil list of moderate proportions—on hearing of this he at once devoted a considerable portion of it to the improvement of the finances of the nation. This was no spasmodic effort, for on many occasions he has repeated this self-denial. As recently as 1901 he made the following striking declaration, which may well rank with the Japanese Emperor's action in the raising of money for battleship construction, and which shows that the King of Roumania fully appreciates the value of that monarch's phrase, "that in national affairs a day's delay may mean a century's regret."

"In presence of the actual financial difficulties," wrote the King, "which impose sacrifices on all in order that the re-establishment of our credit upon a healthy basis may be achieved, I consider it as a duty to share equally the state charges. I desire, therefore, that all reductions which shall be applied, in the future, to all those who serve the state, be also applied to the civil list. The economies which will result from this measure will remain at the disposition of the Public Treasury, in order to meet the needs which cannot be satisfied by the budgetary credits." With the finances, with education and with the church, the sovereign sought to develop his country.

King Charles has ever been at heart a soldier, and his work in connection with the Roumanian army has proved, not only his enthusiasm, but also his military ability. His work during the early years created a solid administrative foundation for the army, which was tested and found good in the fields before Plevna. The commander-in-chief of the Roumanian army believes in strict discipline but in justice and fair treatment. He has lost no opportunity of impressing upon the soldiers the duty and the privilege of patriotism and their value to the country. Some of his speeches are as striking as

those of the Emperor William of Germany, and marked by a more serious sense of the necessities of everyday life than have been some of the recent exhortations to recruits in Germany.

"For the soldier," the King said on one occasion, "the flag is the most precious of treasures. Let us bow before it with love and with veneration because it is the highest expression of honor and of glory. It will be our guide in time of danger and will lead us from the battle to victory. . . . In confiding it to you I have also given you the very honor of the country, for which we all should ever be ready to sacrifice our life."

Within a fortnight of his arrival in Roumania the prince was called upon to declare his views upon military discipline in a very decided manner. A deputation of officers waited upon him to ask for the punishment of some of their number who had been implicated in the overthrow of Cuza. "His oath," said the prince, "binds the soldier to an implicit obedience. Neither the acts of the head of the army nor the reasons for those acts may be criticized. Politics must remain outside of the soldier's life, his only mission is to defend his sovereign and his country, to the last breath, against all foes." . . . "Do not forget," he concluded, "that I am come to create a future and not to make of a past, of which I am ignorant and which I do not wish to know, the base for my action." In 1902, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the independence of Roumania, the King issued an order of the day to the army, the following points being the most striking:

"The direction of modern wars and battles depends upon the individual instruction of the officers, of the lower grades and of the soldiers, as well as upon the decision and initiative of the generals. In order to work in this direction, I have decided that, in the future, there shall be left to the commanders of units, responsible for the training of the inferiors confided to their care, every liberty in the choice of the means of instruction and the theoretical and practical education of the troops placed under their command; only the general principles to be followed and the periods of instruction being fixed. . . . I ask of all the

officers serious and profound knowledge, avoiding mere superficiality. Discipline is the foundation of the army. It is based upon justice, impartiality, reciprocal affection and confidence between superiors and inferiors, and upon the clear and discerning giving of orders. The idea that great severity can produce real discipline should be abandoned. . . . Punishments should have for their object the amelioration of the punished, not vengeance. . . . I will that blows disappear absolutely from my army from henceforth."

Along these lines, and believing that good troops need good weapons and good equipment, the Roumanian sovereign has built up a patriotic army of the first class. In 1877 the Roumanian army saved the Russians at Plevna and gained their country's independence; to-day, some half a million strong on a war footing, they are able and ready to play a decisive part in the history of Europe should their King and their country demand it.

During the early years of his reign the sovereign endeavored to weld together his people—though internal intrigue and subterfuge on the part of those who thought that they could treat their foreign prince as they had been accustomed to deal with their native-born rulers rendered his task well-nigh impossible. It was not possible to secure a stable ministry, and it was most difficult for the carrying-out of continuous and unbroken national works. This notwithstanding, the prince encouraged railway construction and German concessionnaires began the work.

The finances of the country were, however, in a very unsatisfactory state, and the war between France and Germany in 1870 proved too great a shock. The Roumanian sympathies were with France, which country had indeed been their greatest benefactor, and the crowd took an early opportunity of demonstrating its feelings toward Germany in Bukarest. This coinciding with the failure of the financial programme brought Prince Charles to a declaration of his intention to abdicate. It was not that the proud will and firm purpose of the ruler were broken; it was rather a royal despair at the in-

ability of the Roumanians to be as great patriots as their foreign prince.

Be the reason what it may, it is all but certain that had not one of the prince's ministers thrown himself into the breach, Roumania would never have occupied the position she does to-day. M. Demetre Sturdza saved her ruler for Roumania in that crisis, and showed in so conclusive a manner that there was militant patriotism in Roumania, that its sovereign reconsidered his decision and the crisis was over. But there are few more striking pages in Roumanian history than this of this solitary man, this patriotic minister, so filled with the divine strength of love of country and of right, literally forcing a National Assembly to see the right path and follow it, and out of the ruins of a government plucking a ministry which was destined to be the first stable one of the prince's reign and one also in which he, M. Sturdza, had no place. After this royal coup d'état of M. Sturdza the country entered upon a new era, and the monarch and his people drew ever closer together.

There was, indeed, every need for such strengthening of the national unity, for war clouds soon began to hover over the Balkans—the Christian people south of the Danube began to struggle yet more vigorously for freedom from their Turkish rulers. Roumania continued to maintain a prudent and peaceful attitude, and showed to Europe the spectacle of "a people working peacefully toward reform and internal improvement." And this although thousands of Russian volunteers were passing through the land and the other side of the Danube was seething with trouble.

As the war between Russia and Turkey drew inevitably nearer, the former recognized more and more clearly that it was essential to her that her troops should be able to pass freely through Roumania. The Roumanian ruler could not fail but be rendered uneasy by this knowledge, and the manner in which he maneuvered the ship of state during that passage be-

tween Scylla and Charybdis marked him out as a statesman of the greatest merit. The integrity of Roumania must be protected, and the country must be saved from becoming the arena for the war. Bound by his suzerainty to the Turks but entirely in harmony with the Russian aims of assisting the Balkan Christians, the prince had a difficult choice to make.

"Russia," he said on October 22, 1875, "demands a solution, and the Great Powers will be obliged to declare themselves. Our position begins to be very difficult, and I do not disguise from myself that we are approaching the hour in which the future of Roumania will be decided. . . . We will have to work alone in order to emerge from the difficulties. From to-day Roumania takes her place in Europe, and the conviction is everywhere established that, in the question of the Orient, Roumania is a factor to be taken into consideration."

No time was lost in carrying out the national programme as declared in the National Assembly: "The maintenance of the neutrality of Roumania—the defense of the integrity of her national rights and territory." The Great Powers kindly urged upon Roumania the necessity for remaining neutral, while one and all declared that they could in no way assist her. It was here that the family ties of the Roumanian prince showed themselves of very great value, since they enabled him to keep in touch with the Great Powers, and avail himself of the advice of their statesmen.

Bismarck frankly urged him not to attempt to seriously resist the Russians in the following words: "There is no need to go in front of them, but it is possible to yield to a force which will arrive more rapidly from the north than from the Turk." He advised reliance upon the treaties "since between two such powerful armies, the Roumanian forces thrown in the balance are not of sufficient weight to insure the respect of the conqueror. . . . For Roumania, the passage of the Russian troops, as a result of a treaty, is pref-

erable to a simple invasion on the part of Russia."

Prince Charles made his decision—after weighing all the arguments for and against the renunciation of the Turkish suzerainty and the throwing in of his lot with the Russians; "since the Powers cannot and will not offer us anything, they should," so he considered, "allow us to follow the path dictated by our interests." Once decided, the prince lost no time in taking such steps as should gain the utmost advantage to his country, and at the same time securely avoid the worst perils. Never were Roumanian interests forgotten, and thus in this co-operation between an enormous empire and a small state, the latter more than maintained her equality. The Russians desired to regulate the passage of their troops by means of a convention, the prince insisted upon a political treaty, entered into as between equals. The convention became a treaty in which strict respect was insisted upon for the political rights and institutions of the Roumanian State, and Russia guaranteed the actual integrity of Roumania. The prince was even able to carry his point that payments should be made in gold, and not in the depreciated paper roubles suggested by the Russians.

The treaty must be considered as a great pacific treaty snatched from the jaws of disaster. True to their axiom, "Always work out your own salvation, and do not accept favors from Great Powers, because the ultimate bill is too heavy," the Roumanians declared their freedom from Turkey at a time known only to themselves. So little did the Great Powers know, that only the day before the Russian Minister suggested the advisability of doing so, after inquiry at St. Petersburg and Vienna. The next day the Roumanians were declared a free people, and soon after that memorable May 22, 1877, they were both *de facto* and *de jure* free! The whole of the Roumanian forces were already mobilized, amounting to some 50,000 men with 180 guns.

The prince went into the war with no false impression of the dangers he

and his country ran. "As for me," he wrote, "be certain of one thing, that I shall do my duty. . . . In the accomplishment of this sacred duty I am ready to sacrifice myself at the head of our young and brave army." The prince offered his army to co-operate with that of the Czar, but under the condition that it was not to be divided, and was to be devoted to the defense of Roumanian independence. The offer was not well received.

In a memorandum on May 17th the Russians declared that "Russia has no need of the assistance of the Roumanian army. The forces which Russia has put in motion to attack the Turks are more than sufficient to attain the high end that the Emperor has undertaken in beginning the war." It was also stated that there was no alternative between inactivity and incorporation in the Russian army. Bold words!

But Osman Pasha at Plevna changed the circumstances, and brought to the prince, who knew how to wait, more than he had ever hoped for. On July 31st he received the following appeal by telegram from the Grand Duke Nicholas, Russian Commander-in-Chief: "The Turks, having massed very great numbers at Plevna, are destroying us. Please make a junction, demonstration, and, if possible, the passage of the Danube, which you desire. . . . This demonstration is indispensable, in order to facilitate my movements." On August 18th the grand duke wrote: "The Roumanian army will maintain its individuality, and will find itself placed, for all details, under the direct command of its immediate leaders."

Three days later came a second telegram: "When can you cross? Do this as soon as possible." On the 28th the prince visited the Czar and the grand duke, and was offered the command of all the troops, Russian and Roumanian, before Plevna. The grand duke had hinted that it would be impossible for the prince to serve under a Russian general, to which the prince replied that, while that was manifestly impos-

sible, there was no reason why ten Russian generals should not serve under him! The prince accepted the high command with courage, but with a full realization of the risk. But this risk was better than the chance of the Russian troops being hurled back across the Danube!

So he accepted, and history has recorded his military genius during those long few months. The Roumanian troops, better equipped than the Russians, and better patriots, nobly achieved success, and worthily won their spurs. Plevna taken, the Roumanian army and prince returned to their country, having not only saved their country, but also having extricated the Russians from a situation fraught with every probability of disaster. This war set the seal upon the recognition of Roumania as a force in Europe, and not even the illicit filching of her Beessarabian province by that Great Power whom she had served and saved could force her back to the old position. Furious with indignation the Roumanians were ready to take any steps to prevent this robbery, but were withheld by the wisdom of the prince. In 1881 Roumania proclaimed herself a kingdom, and Prince Charles became King Charles I. In his speech of acceptance he said:

"Under the powerful shadow of the Constitution Roumania has grown, has developed, has become strong. The perseverance of the nation, the bravery of the army and the confidence in the virility of the people have realized our most ardent desires by the proclamation of the Kingdom, which is the most sure guarantee for the future. I accept, therefore, with pride, as a symbol of the independence and the strength of Roumania, this crown, wrought from a cannon, sprinkled with the blood of our heroes and blessed by the Church. It will be preserved as a sacred treasure, recalling the difficult moments and the glorious times that we have passed together: it will show to future generations the courage of the Roumanians of to-day and the close union which existed between the country and the Prince. Nevertheless, for the Queen and for myself, the most beautiful crown will always be the love and the trust of the people, for whom we have but one thought: their greatness and their happiness."

From the King's speeches, which show a remarkable clearness of ideas, an exposition of questions, closely reasoned and logical, precisely guided by a pure and high conscience, much may be learned of his ideas as ruler and as man. Unfortunately space will not allow of much quotation. How truly constitutional, and not only politically so, are his words: "Elected to the throne of Roumania by the whole nation, I will never forget the origin of my power. In all grave situations I will address myself to the nation again." Weighty and wise are also the following thoughts: "It is only by great sacrifices and by the united efforts of all the people, animated by high ideals, that we can hope to meet the dangers and assure the future. . . ." "In his existence, surcharged with adversity and struggles, man can only find a sufficient support and sure reliance in faith. This helps us to pass the times of sadness and trial, and gives us strength to conquer. Our first duty is, therefore, to implant this as deeply as possible in the heart of the people." The King is ever anxious to impress upon his people the need for drawing inspiration from the past—from the deeds of the ancestors; "I consider it a national duty," he says, "to study in detail the past of the Roumanian race and all connected with its so glorious origin."

"By ourselves alone! These proud words which ornament the Roumanian crown deserve to be engraved in the heart of each Roumanian. They should be our guide, for they will give us the power to conquer all difficulties, and will strengthen our faith in the future." In these words the King exposes the base of his and the nation's policy. To live well with all states is the desire of Roumania, and in the early years of his reign it is interesting to remember that King Charles sounded his neighbors on the subject of a Balkan alliance.

The Macedonian question, for example, forms part of national policy, because there are thousands of Roumanian nationals living there. To care

for their welfare does not by any means indicate hostility to any Power, or a desire for territorial aggrandizement.

The efforts of King Charles have been principally devoted toward internal development. Railways have increased and improved since the state purchased them in 1886, at an outlay of 237,500,000 francs. Then there were 1,407 kilometres; in 1903 these had increased to 3,177. In the Dobrudja, given to Roumania after the war with Turkey, the King has created a great commercial port at Constantza, whence the grain and petroleum of Roumania can flood the market. From here will radiate a Roumanian merchant marine, which will bear the Roumanian flag to all parts of the world. Agriculture has been carefully cherished, and to-day the country is one of the principal grain-exporting countries of the world, and the lot of the peasant, formerly so low, has been improved.

An educational system has sprung into being, owing much to the direct support and inspiration of the royal family. The finances have been put on a stable footing, and although the nation has already acquired a sufficiency of debt, the future is not at all dangerously beset. Thanks to the discovery of extensive petroleum fields, Roumania has been strengthened and raised from the position of a country relying solely on the rain and sun for its prosperity; while thanks to the King's indefatigable efforts and unceasing watchfulness, the petroleum industry has been protected from becoming the monopoly either of the ruthless Standard Oil Trust or of the politically guided and government supported German Bank. Had King Charles done nothing else for Roumania, his determined and wise action in this question would have earned him all praise. But whether it be in the question of the Danube, with its international commission, or of the transformation of the twelve enormous crown lands, dispersed over the kingdom, into national and social models, to see and follow—a work due principally to M. Kalindero—the King's in-

terest in all things which directly or indirectly touch Roumania is unabated.

And what manner of man is this, who has thus created a European State out of the remnants of a land cursed by a Turkish rule and Phanariot sway? First and foremost he is always a Hohenzollern, swayed by his obedience to duty, and based upon that Hohenzollern saying: "It is not enough to be born a prince, you must show that you are worthy of the title," and second, he is ever a true Roumanian, who has caught much of the inspiration of those great former Roumanian leaders and warriors. His youth was one of discipline and healthy education, while the influence of his father on his character can never be overestimated. Every inch a king, he never forgets that he is always also a man—personal animosities never cloud his national judgment. An indefatigable worker and on an organized plan tending toward definite ends, King Charles of Roumania devotes his whole time to his never-ceasing task.

By his marriage to Princess Elizabeth of Wied, "a marriage so non-political as to make it a political event of the first importance," he brought to Roumania a queen who made herself beloved of all, and speedily became the center of all charitable ideas and works. The adoption of the Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, the King's nephew, as his successor, was another example of wisdom, because in the Crown Prince of Roumania is found a prince whose merit and ability is incontestable. His marriage with the Princess Marie, closely bound to the imperial families of Britain and Russia, still further strengthened the position of Roumania and the dynasty. The visit of the Emperor of Austria to Roumania, and the journey of King Charles to Russia, both events of the greatest importance, cannot be more than mentioned, but they proclaimed in an unmistakable manner the position of Roumania and her King.

"Those who have had the opportunity of working with the King," says M. Sturdza, "or of following his work,

know that the whole day and every day of the year are devoted by him in a constant and exclusive manner to affairs of state. His knowledge of men and of things, his continued thought and his minute preoccupation in the affairs and interests of the country, his studies of history, of general and special state policy: these are the pleasures of Charles I. . . It is only under the leadership of Charles I. that we have been able to reach so rapidly the object of our desires, to arrive at independence and the esteem and confidence of Europe. If we consider the private life of the prince this may well serve to all as a brilliant example. Moral and religious sentiment and serious work reign at the palace. This is a point of high importance for the country and for the people."

As King Charles looked backward on his anniversary day, May 23d, this year, over his long and eventful reign, what a glorious retrospect must be

worthily his. And yet it is certain that he will spare but little time to looking backward, he is ever looking forward, and ever working toward that day when the land of his adoption, his own country, which has already made a place for herself, shall rise still higher and higher toward his ideal.

First among small states, Roumania shall show to the world that there is no question of area governing the value of a national example, and that though Roumania may always remain a small political state, she shall ever be a great moral factor. The nation can build nothing, can found no institution, however worthy, which will be a fitting monument for King Charles—it lies with his people to transform themselves into a living monument by becoming more molded to those high ideals which have always animated and still guide their sovereign, their ruler and their friend.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

By LEONARD CHRISTOPHER.

The jewelled sovereign of the balmy night,
In flood of brilliant glory, far outshone
The courting stars, and from her sky-built throne
Shed down an ivory sea of pallid light,
Bathing this grimy world in heavenly white,
Singing a lullaby to ocean moan,
Hushing the burly wind, whose wings had flown
O'er field and forest in an angry flight.

The empress of the quiet hours, O. Moon!
Thou art the symbol of infinity!
Man, basely wrapt in strife from morn to noon,
In sleep lies at thy mystical decree;
The midnight flees the poet soul too soon,
Who loves that trysting of divinity.

The Unlucky Strike.

A Tale of the Southwest.

By RICHARD GREENE.

SHORTY and Bob were two brother jacks and expert Cornish miners from the Lakes, where each had held for years good underground shifts in the famous Calumet until the severity of the climate and a tendency to become "lungers" compelled them to seek a warmer climate. They asked for and obtained their time from the manager and sought a more congenial climate. Each man had accumulated a snug wad, out of which they fitted themselves out for a prospecting trip through New Mexico and Arizona in a climate averaging 70 degrees all the year round, where the miners work, live and sleep in the open air.

Attracted by the reports of rich copper, gold and silver discoveries in the far Southwest the boys determined to dispute with the wily Apaches a share of that "God's country" and its fabulous minerals hidden in the ranges of the Sierra Madre, which were only awaiting the venturesome prospector with his pick, shovel and stick of dynamite. Their only partner was a burro, upon whose patient back they had loaded all their worldly possessions, consisting of blankets, picks, gads, shovels, powder, caps, fuse and a limited kitchen outfit, including a frying pan and coffee pot.

For several months the boys prospected the entire range of the eastern slopes of the Sierra Madre down to the line of old Mexico, and when they did hit it, Miss Jennie Burro, their silent partner, was the cause. And it was Shorty's burro who ought to have

had her name put on the notice of location, enclosed in the old tomato can hidden in the bottom of the pile of rocks erected for a monument, she being the only native-born partner, the boys being British subjects, who had only declared their intentions to become citizens. It was under circumstances painful to Shorty personally and the merest accident that "The Unlucky Strike" was discovered. Bob and he had been hitting a winding trail all day over a spur of the Peloncillos range, and toward evening were nearing the mesa of the range.

Shorty, having hurt his foot by running into a Spanish dagger, was compelled to straddle the burro, adding thereby one more burden upon the patient animal. She gave him a side glance, looked wise, lay back her ears and no doubt said to herself, "Nothing doing at present." She awaited her opportunity, which came, and at a point where there grew a lovely cactus bed of several varieties of sharp points of attraction. All unconscious of anything except the terrible pain in his foot, Shorty was suddenly catapulted over Miss Jennie's head and flat on his back right in the center of the bed of Arizona thorns, where he lay until Bob extricated him as carefully as he possibly could, but not without getting a fair share of scratches himself from some friendly cat claws and prickly pears.

Poor Shorty, when he came to his senses, discovered that his head must have hit something harder than an

Ocatea. In fact, it was a rock, as it hurt him severely enough to raise a good-sized egg, and his hair was filled with some decomposed particles of rock, which to his practiced eye suggested "mineral." Cleaning the space of the cactus bed, he discovered it was a ledge of ore in a three-foot body of iron rock partly decomposed and showing a green stain. Bob and he broke up a lot of it, sampled it down, sacked it and started into monumenting the ground, which they traced for nearly 5,000 feet, enabling them to locate 600 feet wide and 4,500 feet in length along the lode, naming their location "The Unlucky Strike and Extensions."

Over their pipes and coffee the next morning they discussed the necessity of sinking a ten-foot hole and camping there until they could hear from the assay of the ore. Fortunately for them there was a character well known in that section as "Geological Brown," an itinerant assayer and prospector, traveling with a wagon outfit. He happened to be camped just over the range, and hearing the shots fired by Shorty paid them a visit and made arrangements to assay the ore. To the amazement of the boys, it ran richer than any ore they had ever seen up at the Lakes. It showed \$1,220 gold, \$193 silver and 35 per cent. in copper, equaling \$1,553, ore values, per ton, from the surface outcrop alone all across the three-foot ledge.

The boys immediately went to work upon it, and about the time they had succeeded in sinking their ten-foot holes the Apaches, who were out on the warpath, swooped down upon them. The two boys held off a band of them from behind a barricade of an ore pile one day from noon till sunset, and when it was dark they were obliged to quit the claim and seek the nearest ranch in the San Simone valley. Prospectors and travelers were always safe at night. The Apaches of those days would camp upon the trail of a white man or Mexican at dawn and stay with him all day, only quitting it at night. The Apaches are like coyotes; they sneak up on their in-

tended prey and fight from behind rocks.

This rich strike of the boys soon became known in the surrounding tent towns and attracted a rush of prospectors, miners and the usual saloon crowd, but not until the Indians had been coralled and put back again on the reservation was "The Unlucky Strike" a busy camp. Locations were made all around the boys, and they resumed sinking the ten-foot hole, determined to put it down to a depth of 50 feet. Every shot put in, and every strike of drill or pick, and every drilled hole exposed ore with the vein widening out as depth was attained. This was so satisfactory that Shorty's favorite expression became a by-word, "It's like money from New York." Millions were in the air, and the camp soon attracted that foe of the prospector, the advent of the "Ex-Peert" or, commonly alleged, mining engineer and promoter, who could command working capital.

Shorty and Bob valued their property at one million dollars, but would accept \$300,000 if any one "came at them quick." The boys planned out a trip to the old country, with a chaser in New York, Coney Island and the Tenderloin. Being in an Indian country, far from railroads and smelters, the boys were obliged to cache their rich ores, and everything that did not run over \$100 value per ton was thrown over the dump to await modern methods and cheaper transportation and smelting charges or the erection of their own furnace.

The boys' first adventure with a promoter came in the shape of an offer from San Francisco. An "Ex-Peert" had examined the property of "The Unlucky Strike" and reported favorably to a syndicate, who proposed capitalizing it at a million of dollars, and agreeing to pay the boys \$300,000, of which \$100,000 was cash and \$200,000 in stock. Shorty was empowered to act, visit California, engage a lawyer there and close the deal, all of which occupied about a month of Shorty's time, which he put in to the best advantage

in sight-seeing before the necessary papers had been drawn up and the finances arranged.

Upon the day assigned for him to receive his check for \$100,000 and a certificate of stock for \$200,000 in shares of the company, Shorty, accompanied by his lawyer, called upon the president of the bank. At the moment of preparing to sign the check, after accepting the deed from Shorty, the capitalist had a fit of apoplexy and within five minutes was a dead man. The deal, of course, was off, and there was nothing for Shorty to do but to return to camp, where he explained it to Bob in a few words as "damn luck," and the boys resumed work once more.

The next proposition came along about six months later, and was from what turned out to be a gang of swindling promoters in New York, who claimed to represent an English syndicate of intended purchasers, that knew of the merits of the property and desired an option on it for three months; \$300,000 was to be the price agreed upon, \$200,000 in cash to Shorty and Bob and \$100,000 of the stock to be given to the promoters as commission for controlling the buyer in London. All this looked rosy. As it involved the necessity of a trip to New York of one of the boys, Bob was selected to go this time. Armed with all the documentary proofs of ownership, he went on to New York, where he was taken in hand by an old friend and a member of the bar, who undertook to see Bob clear through.

Upon one excuse after another, the gang avoided a settlement, which, of course, never came, tiring out the patience of Bob and his friend, the lawyer, who started up an investigation with the aid of the Chief of Police, an old acquaintance, who quickly put him wise to the gang. He was up against one of the most notorious set of scoundrels, headed by a man who had been railroaded out of Frisco. They never had any purchaser for the mine. They were operating on the option, issuing and selling stock in it and living high on the proceeds. Bob's lawyer soon

notified them the deal was off, whereupon Col. Plugugly, the head of the gang, had the nerve to bring a suit for damages against Bob for \$100,000, claiming he had lost that sum by refusal to sell to the purchaser whom he had in London, Bob being a non-resident and their only witness also a nonresident and unable to come to America.

Evidence was required by a deposition in London. All this involved three months of time and expense and detained poor Bob in New York, where he was frequently importuned to compromise, the gang coming down as low as \$1,000 as the figure at which they would call the suit off. Bob's lawyer determined to fight them, and refused to listen to their blackmail. When the deposition came back, the court in New York decided in Bob's favor, finding that the alleged purchaser in London was a notorious scoundrel, involved in a mining swindle in London and then in prison.

The gang in New York had their offices in their hats, and the whole board of directors ate many a time at the cracker and cheese free lunch counters in the various barrooms in the neighborhood of the old Mining Exchange in lower Broadway. When Bob reported back to the mine to Shorty, all he could utter was, "damn luck."

They went to pounding rock and hitting the drill again, and got out several car loads of ore which returned from the smelters several thousands of dollars, and of which they were in need in order to cover Bob's expenses to New York. It was not very long before another attempt to swindle them was put up to the boys.

This was most plausible in appearance, and after investigating the parties through Bob's New York lawyer friend before they entertained the proposition, their hopes were once more raised, and money from New York seemed almost a reality. This also purported to be from an English syndicate. The scheme was one of the boldest ever heard of, and was played

successfully upon a number of mine owners aside from Shorty and Bob, and to the extent of getting \$3,000 cash out of each owner of a mine. One day Jose, their Mexican "muchaco," accompanied by "Old Lummy," brought in a letter, postmarked New York, written upon the letterhead of the Bank of Nevada branch in Wall street, and signed by the cashier, requesting a deposit of \$3,000 as guarantee of faith only that they were the owners of the mine, as the mine had been bought in London at their figure—\$300,000—by a Count Telfenir.

As John W. Mason was with him in London at the time, the presumption was that Mason was the real purchaser, and it was necessary for one of the owners to come on at once to meet the expert from London and convey him to the property. "Lummy," the mail carrier, was an old Comstock miner, and the boys appealed to him as to what he knew of Mason, the bonanza millionaire of the Pacific. Said "Lummy": "He vas the pest mens I never knew, unt he has a mines, which it is a banana. And, by Golly, poys, you can pet he is a milliner. Ain'd it?"

Such a strong endorsement by "Lummy" was sufficient to excite the boys, and they sent off an acceptance of the offer by "Lummy" to be mailed at the nearest post office.

The wagon outfit of "Lummy" was known far and wide as the "Wire," which had never broken down but once, and then only upon an occasion when he forgot to put some wire in his wagon upon starting out on a trip. The harness was a mass of old odds and ends of leather, strengthened by wire, likewise the shafts and wheels. The red rattletrap went bumping over rocks and up and down arroyos at a clip which would astonish some of our smart traps on the New York Speedway along the Harlem. "Lummy" was something of a sport, and asserted that his team were thoroughbreds. They certainly were drawn very fine—in fact, so fine that one could count the slats in the frames of the animals he

drove. He called them "Yiminy Pelts."

A world-renowned expert mining engineer in England, so Shorty and Bob were informed, had been specially engaged to exclusively visit and report upon their mine, and the \$3,000 was only to cover his expenses, in case the representation about the mine and its owners were not true, and would be returned when the mine was paid for. Bob and Shorty's New York lawyer reported that everything looked straight and advised them to accept the situation, as he had visited the bank and learned that the Count was a brother-in-law of Mason, and they were together in London. The Count was not a mining man, and the supposition was that Mason was behind him. About this time Mason had dropped about \$8,000,000 in trying to corner the wheat markets of the world. Within ten days after Shorty and Bob's \$3,000 was deposited in the Wall street bank the eminent mining engineer arrived and proceeded to the mines. As the Indians were on the warpath at this time, Shorty and Bob met him within fifty miles of the camp, and under an escort of cow punchers and rustlers landed him safely upon the property, where he remained for more than a week, making a thorough examination and test of the ores, after which he was once more escorted safely back to the nearest railroad point and placed upon the cars en route to California. On his way there he wrote the following letter to the boys from Tucson, in Arizona, which greatly pleased them, as it was almost an assurance that at last their hopes were to be soon realized:

Tucson, Arizona, April, 1883.

Dear Messrs. Shorty and Bobb:

I beg to state that I have carefully examined your mining property, "The Unlucky Strike." It is undoubtedly a rich prospect, and I can state that, apart from the Longfellow and Copper Queen mines "The Unlucky Strike" is by far the most promising mine that I examined in Arizona, and I will do the best I can in favor of its disposal. In my report to London I convey the same opinion.

Faithfully yours,

M. E. COBRA.

This alleged syndicate proved to be a rank swindle, and the boys lost their \$3,000. About this time there was a panic in the copper market, the price dropping from 20 cents to 9 cents a pound. The syndicate refused to take the mine, and before the New York lawyers of the boys could institute a suit to recover the money, it had been withdrawn by the Count. Shorty went on to New York and personally faced Mason in the bank, appealing to him for redress, but without avail. Mason declared he had advanced money to the scamp himself. Shorty learned also that his \$3,000 went to Mason's account from the Count toward a settlement of the Count's debts to Mason.

Shorty denounced Mason roundly. Mason disclaimed all knowledge of how the Count got the money, but could not answer satisfactorily why he permitted his name and bank to be used to mislead and swindle a lot of poor miners. Some years later, in 1889, Shorty sent all the papers and documents to Mason in an effort to get a partial restitution, but without avail. All the satisfaction he got was the following letter:

No. 1 Broadway, Sept. 17, 1889.

Mr. Shorty:

Herewith please find the documents you have submitted to me and which I now return. I had never heard of your affair before, and I never was directly or indirectly interested either with you or others. I very much regret that my time will not allow me to be of any service to you.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. MASON.

How could he write such a letter in face of the meeting in the Wall street bank some years previous? The incident of Shorty's personal demand for a return of the money and his suggestion that Shorty bring suit in Italy against the Count, followed by Shorty's denunciation of him, had evidently escaped his memory, through losses in wheat, the panic in copper and his work in carrying his newspaper partner's end of a new cable enterprise, to say nothing of keeping up the social aspirations of his family in London and Paris. Perhaps he needed the money.

The next turn of the wheel of misfortune came along about ten years later, just about the time the shaft had been put down 300 feet deeper. More than 1,000 feet of drifts, levels, cross cuts and open cut work had been done, showing up the mine more valuable than ever by reason of the 10,000 tons of ore on the dump, over half of it good shipping values and returning as high as \$900 in car lots from smelters.

This last proposition came from a Wall street promoter, and was the "limit." It was an attempt by a slick individual, styling himself Prof. Pieface. His scheme, as it developed, was to get the property into his own possession by forcing the mine into debt, so that he could freeze out the boys, have his own receiver appointed, the property sold and bought in through a dummy, swindle the shareholders and defend his nefarious acts with the money fraudulently gotten out of the public through the promotion stock, large blocks of which he had unloaded in New York and Boston. This slick individual boldly declared that he kept in his employ one of the shrewdest mining judges, and between the two they had successfully for years made a great lot of money by securing options on mines from poor miners and tying up their mines given him for promotion, causing the owners of mines loss of time and money and in some cases their property and endless litigation to get out of his blackmailing clutches.

On one of Prof. Pieface's trips to the Southwest he learned from mining authorities of the prospective value of "The Unlucky Strike," and he determined upon visiting and examining it for himself. Being an oily and slick person, he soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of the boys, and was entertained by them for more than a week. He made them believe he could command millions and raise them at once \$100,000 working capital to develop and erect a furnace, for the character of the ore was a good matting proposition on such vast low grade ores. Immediately upon his return to

New York he would form a stock company of \$1,000,000 capital, divided so as to give the boys half a million dollars, place \$300,000 in the treasury for working capital and take \$200,000 for himself and associates who were to underwrite and finance the scheme.

"No trouble at all, my dear boys," said he, "in fact, confidentially, now that I have secured from you the option on the mine I will let you into a little secret. I have, in fact, got my Board of Directors and company already formed and also \$100,000 cash in bank toward the working capital."

The turquoise skies of Arizona never appeared brighter to the boys than the prospects held so dazzlingly before them and prospective millions which in the past had faded away like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Prof. Pieface took his departure for New York, carrying a year's option on "The Unlucky Strike," and promising, the boys they would hear from him within thirty days by a remittance of money and to go ahead and push further development work. Instructions would follow later about an electric hoist, etc. This option was given in January and in February the boys in Arizona, unaware of Wall street methods, went to work encouraged by the first remittance. It appears that, when Pieface returned to New York, he placed advertisements in all the leading papers, announcing the purchase of the mine and the incorporation of a company and offered the stock for sale. Thousands of shares were bought by the public, and to keep up the delusion Pieface sent several other small remittances to the mine, but never enough to pay all the expenses. He kept this up for six months, and then held back a three months expense account for labor and supplies. The boys were at their wits' ends, borrowing money from merchants and getting credit, because Pieface had ordered three shifts of men put on to hurry the development before he came out again in a special car with his Board of Directors. All this delay put the mine heavily in debt, and the Mexican hombres were clamoring

for their dinero and threatening the boys, while the storekeepers were refusing any more credit. Besides all this trouble, the boys had never been paid one dollar of the stock promised them for the mine. Pieface kept notifying them right along he was coming out. So they instructed their lawyer in New York to demand their stock, but it was refused them through the lawyer, as Pieface said he was going to the mines in a few days to take it to the boys and with money to pay off all the debts and arrange for still further developments. Excuse after excuse came, but no Mr. Pieface.

Instead of getting there in five days it was sixty-five days before he actually arrived. In the meantime, the debts had been increasing, and Pieface, the promoter, President, Secretary and Treasurer and the whole Board of Directors in one person had the nerve to offer 10 cents on the dollar before he would pay any debts. In case they refused he would shut down the mine, which he did. It was with great difficulty the boys could save him from being hurt by the frenzied miners, when they heard of it.

"Sixty-six Per Cent." Juan wanted to stiletto him at once. Pieface tried to bluff some of the miners in believing that he was a bad man, with a record in Cripple Creek. But when he showed his little popgun, the man went "Ha, Ha" at him, and when he tried to get gay, "Dick Dover," the Whim boss, an old Seventy-first New York boy, who followed Roosevelt up some hill in Cuba, gave Pieface a blow across the jaw that made him almost swallow his false teeth, and he yelled murder. Dick took his gun away from him for fear he might hurt himself. "Didn't know it was loaded." Shorty interfered at this point and protected him from further harm. Upon investigation at a council in the adobe, it was discovered that Pieface had only brought out a check for about enough money to pay 10 cents on the dollar in settlement of all claims, and was very reluctant, in fact, threatened not to pay one cent of that, unless his terms were complied

with, as he needed the money to continue his trip to California, where he was going for pleasure.

A council of war was held, and Shorty and Bob decided to take the check away from him and hold him a prisoner in camp until they not only got the whole amount of the check cashed, but an order from him on the broker in New York for sufficient money to pay all claims. Checks were no good in that country at that time, especially checks on New York. Therefore, it was sent on to New York by Wells, Fargo & Co., and Pieface was placed under a Mexican guard with orders to kill him if he attempted to escape. He was put in a drift, 200 feet under ground in the mine, and kept there until the money arrived from New York. He was fed on the best the camp afforded. When the money came, he raved like a maniac, threatened to call out the militia and appeal to the President of the United States, denouncing every one as bandits. He had the choice of getting away to find the railroad station. But he preferred to be escorted by a guard and ride rather than walk and take chances of being shot by one of the Mexicans.

While Pieface was imprisoned in the depths of the mine, Shorty, who felt sorry for the poor devil, placed two of his most faithful Mexicans over him. They were the two muchacos, Jose and "Sixty-six Per Cent." Juan, and Pieface was dally supplied with *buscarro con agua* (a crust of bread and water). It was amusing to overhear them say to the prisoner:

"*Las buenos amigos deben amarse*" (Good friends ought to love each other), or "*Es inutil enfadarse*" (It is useless to fall into a passion), or "*Que haria yo sin va usted*" (What should I do without you). And they would sing and play their soft Mexican airs for the benefit of Pieface.

As the railroad train only stopped on signal at the wild mountain station, the night Pieface was put aboard, he did not wait for it to stop. He made one flying leap into the rear Pullman sleeper, followed by a fusillade of shots

fired by the crowd just to scare him. The passengers, as we learned afterward from our friend the conductor, were regaled with a blood-curdling story of how Pieface prevented an attempt to hold up the train, and his brave act in preventing it by shooting down the ringleader, escaping and putting them all to flight.

As the mine was now shut down, and payment for the mine refused, Shorty and Bob took immediate steps to have the option and deeds set aside and the property restored. It took four years and an expense of several thousands of dollars before it was legally done. The rascally Pieface used the money he got out of the public to fight the boys in the courts. His own lawyers finally turned him down, one of them stigmatizing him as the slickest scoundrel he ever met.

The cloud on the title has now been removed. It appears that the stock sold by Pieface was never issued by any corporation existing at the time alleged, and that he got the money. It was false pretense all the way through. It was promoter's stock and only a portion of that money was sent out to the mine to keep up the deception. The balance was lost in Wall street gambling and fighting Bob and Shorty against the recovery of their own property. The boys have a powerful friend associated with them now in the property, and it will never be offered for sale again, as it is turning out millions and the boys are contented. Upon a recent visit I had there—rich as they are—I found them superintending the chloriding of the 10,000-ton dump. And there was "Old Pete" and his "He-Haw, He-Haw," the faithful and intelligent Whim animal who saved them many a backache when the big iron bucket was wanted on top from some lower level. They get out regular weekly shipments of ore, and are not entertaining any proposition for bonding the mine. The last smelters' returns show the carload lots pay \$1,676.89 net, and this is only their low-grade stuff.

Conditions are different to-day from

old times. The Douglas and El Paso Smelters and the Southern Pacific Railway and the Southwestern Dodge road, not many miles away, are competing for the ore at \$1 a ton for haul and \$3 a ton for smelting. A young man would like nothing better than to lease the old dumps and get at the \$100 values buried there. The boys say they like their present proposition and propose to stay with it. To a letter to New York asking advice upon a promoter seeking for a bond the reply was:

"Forget it, come to New York this summer, take in Coney Island, change your grub from tortillas, frijoles and bueras to soft-shell crabs, etc., and

leave the chloriding to the Mexicans. Be satisfied. You can never spend the money you already have. The open-air life you are leading in Arizona beats a Harlem flat or even the Bronx. Join my Don't Worry Club and remember Shorty's phrase, 'Just like money from New York.' Even 'Damn Luck' will have an aroma of sweet memories. If time hangs heavily, beat it to the pass, enjoy a baile and a dreamy Mexican waltz. For a comida I would recommend Bob's favorite dish 'macaronones cocer en harno con queso,' which is better known here as baked macaroni and cheese. And now, buenos noches, adios, amigos."

TO APHRODITE.

By FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

O daughter of green wave and sun-kissed air!
 Glad Aphrodite, laughter-loving, born
 Of tossing foam-flakes in a glorious morn,
 Old Ocean's gift to men, surpassing fair!
 What honeyed depths of dim, mysterious sea
 Fed thee with life and laughter, and what loves
 Incarnate compass thee with happy doves,
 Thou fairest spirit of joy and melody?

What though thine altars have grown gray and cold,
 And men are turned to worship heavier things—
 Sad toil of earth, and gold, the dross that clings;
 Some know thee yet, whose love burns as of old,
 A fire, fierce, leaping, dedicate to thee,
 O Daughter of the insuperable sea!

Jamestown.*

By CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

1607

Here was human freedom planted
In the Region of the West ;
Here the Torch of Truth was lighted,
Typifying all that's best.

1907

'Mid the serried ranks of nations,
'Mid the navies of the earth;
With a pride both just and noble,
Honor we our nation's birth.

1607

Here was suffered strong men's anguish,
Here did heroes do and die.
Honor we this soil as sacred,
Honor we nobility.

1907

Celebrate with ceremony,
Here with beauty and with grace;
Glancing back through Time's abyss,
At the cradle of a race.

1607

Christened they this soil Virginia,
Sacred mistress of our fates;
Her's the shrine of every patriot,
Stately mother of the States.

1607—1907

Jamestown, unto thee this pean!
Reap the glory thou hast sown;
In an atom of an eon,
Thou hast come into thine own.

The Editor's Miscellany.

IN the course of the relation of the memoirs of John Inglesant, sometime servant to King Charles the First, by J. Henry Shorthouse, several conversations at the villa of Cardinal Rinuccini in Rome are recorded. At one of these conversations, which included Inglesant and a number of the Fathers of the Oratory, the Cardinal said:

"The death of Socrates appears to have been necessary to preserve the framework of ordinary everyday society from falling to pieces. At any rate men of good judgment in that day thought so, and they must have known best. You must remember that it was Socrates that was put to death, not Plato, and we must not judge by what the latter has left us of what the former taught. The doctrine of Socrates was purely negative and undermined the principle of belief not only in the gods, but in everything else. His dialectic was excellent and noble, his purpose pure and exalted, the clearing of men's minds of false impressions; but to the common fabric of society his method was destruction. So he was put to death, unjustly of course, and contrary to the highest law, but according to the lower law of expediency, justly; for society must preserve itself even at the expense of its noblest thinkers. But," added the Cardinal with a smile, "we have only to look a little way for a parallel. It is not, however, a perfect one; for while the Athenians condemned Socrates to a death painless and dignified, the moderns have burnt Servetus, whose doctrine contained nothing dangerous

to society, but turned only on a mere point of the schools, at the stake."

"Why do they not burn you, Cardinal?" said one of the Oratorians, who had not yet spoken, a very intimate friend of the master of the house.

"They do not know whom to begin with in Rome," he replied; "if they once commenced to burn, the holocaust would be enormous before the sacrifice was complete."

* * *

In "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford, Stirling descants upon the impracticable side of much political reform propaganda. Reformers are nearly always correct in principle, and so far as they are constructive, stand for self-evident truths which tolerate no contradiction in theory and thus tend to make useless any considerable attack upon them by sincere men, whose vision is sufficiently broad and deep to understand the limitations of men as a mass and the maximum rate of progress that will not give way to lamentable reaction. Often the chief value of reform is its destructiveness, and yet occasionally, when its negations are strongest, they tend so simply to undermine the faith of the electorate in its political institutions that patriotism would seem to demand an opposition to the reform programme. And in this last thought Stirling approaches a common ground with Cardinal Rinuccini in the latter's apology for the manner of the death of Socrates.

* * *

Religious toleration had a long fight to make its virtue realized by the good people of this world. When the Puritans fled hither from Anglican rule,

it was only to set up a commonwealth in Massachusetts where all must be Puritan and where the royalist Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, who served successfully in New York earlier and in Virginia later, made his one great failure. The peg insisted upon its square form, while the hole would not yield its rotundity. It is still true that a square peg does not belong in a round hole. Only in three colonies along the Atlantic seaboard was there any genuine religious toleration for many years. In Maryland the Roman Catholic Lord Baltimore obtained from his Anglican king the guarantee that his descendants should be undisturbed in the practice of their religion. In New Amsterdam the Dutch burghers had so much of the modern spirit of commercialism that little did they reckon of their neighbors' creed, so long as they had a market for their furs, a well-filled pipe and plenty of ale. In Rhode Island so many were the sects that no one was strong enough to enforce his belief upon the rest of the colony. Here was something of an illustrative parallel to the condition which inspired Cardinal Rinuccini to meet the question of the Oratorian with the reply, "They do not know whom to begin with in Rome; if they once commenced to burn, the holocaust would be enormous before the sacrifice was complete."

* * *

Casuistry and the environment necessary to its culture did not begin or end with the Middle Ages.

* * *

It is difficult for the intensely devoted, be he believer or skeptic, to

recognize the right of a successful rebel. But such a lesson often has presented itself to the mighty of the earth, whether Ptolemaic philosopher or Hanoverian king or the Samurai of the Shogunates. The "Spectator" of London recently published a letter from F. Daustini Cremer, of Eccles Vicarage. The letter has mainly to do with insular religious problems, but its two opening paragraphs dealt with the fact that toleration of a fine sort, with its consequent virtues, may depend upon a precedent recognition of the right of a successful rebel. Mr. Cremer's two initial paragraphs follow:

"When a daughter has left home against the wish of her parents, and elected to make her own living, she loses caste, and is not even a welcome guest at her father's table. There is no hope of a renewal of affectionate relations between parent and child until the parents cease to upbraid her as a disobedient, headstrong child, and set themselves to win back the love of a free woman.

"When a colony has determined to break off from the mother country and establish a government—perhaps of a different character—for itself, there is a weary transition time of strained relations. So long as the terms 'rebel' and 'upstart' are used on the one side there is no disposition on the other for anything but angry recrimination. But when the position of the new nation is assured, there begins to be a turning of the hearts of the children to their fathers and of the fathers to the children. Which things are an allegory."



In the Market Place.

A GERMAN official who visited the United States of America some years ago pronounced the country a land of unlimited possibilities. This does not clash with the old saying that this is a country where "extremes se touchent;" where, in other words, beggars and millionaires not only rub elbows but occasionally exchange clothes; where calamity treads on the train of prosperity's gown, and where prosperity masquerades in a score of garments. The past month has been a remarkable exposition of the unlimited possibilities and the wonderful extremes which sentiment is capable of producing in the securities markets. At the beginning of July not a banker could be found who was willing to go on record against the prevailing sentiment of pessimism. Tight money, grave possibilities in the political outlook, fear of disturbances in Russia were some of the factors which made against confidence. But overnight came a change. Gold imports to relieve tight money were talked, the Secretary of the Treasury was once more prevailed upon to "do something" for the money market provided "legitimate" business interests should need it. The crops turned out the finest the country has seen. In spite of early damage, both wheat and corn promise well. Railroad earnings continued heavy, and the men who were carrying the stock market on their shoulders conceived the idea that, perhaps, after all they might induce the public to take over some of the load. They began to push prices upward, and this manipulative movement is still in full swing at this writ-

ing. Where it will end, if the plans of the manipulators are not interfered with, is easy to foresee.

* * *

Turning aside from that aspect of finances which presents only the desire of greedy, if rich, speculators to increase their wealth at any cost, we find developments awaiting us, which must be gratifying to all who believe that good times are better than hard times, even if the cream of the prosperity is skimmed off for the benefit of a few. "Nature is good to us" is a refrain which every American should repeat with thankfulness. Estimates of the coming crops prepared in conservative quarters would indicate a sharp increase in the railway tonnage required to move them. A preliminary estimate of this year's production, as compared with 1905, has been prepared by Capt. G. J. Grammers, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines, and follows:

	1906.	1905.
Wheat (bu.)	754,000,000	712,000,000
Corn	2,750,000,000	2,725,000,000
Oats	900,000,000	940,000,000
Barley	165,000,000	130,000,000
Rye	35,000,000	30,000,000
Potatoes ...	270,000,000	215,000,000
Cotton (bales)	13,600,000	11,200,000
Hay (tons) ..	62,000,000	64,500,000
Cattle (head).	53,000,000	56,000,000
Hogs (head).	50,000,000	48,000,000

* * *

Conflicting views of the Russian financial situation are held in each of the large banking centers most affected. The Socialist press in France is trying to excite alarm among French holders of Russian bonds, but holders of these bonds are not among the

readers of the propagandist newspapers. A sharp drop in Russians on the Paris Bourse naturally followed the news of the dissolution of the Douma, and the usual speculators were caught. French bondholders, however, are not panicky as long as they can cash their coupons. A default would quickly alter conditions, but such contingency is not regarded as seriously threatening by the small French investor.

* * *

A startlingly different view and one which has the advantage of being formed on the scene is presented by a correspondent who, after a prolonged sojourn in Russia, writes to the London "Mail" as follows:

"The dissolution of the Douma seriously complicates the financial situation. The deficit on this year's budget was estimated at nearly £20,000,000 not covered by the last loan. The official revenue returns for the last half-year claim an excess over the estimates of more than £7,000,000, nearly all derived from indirect taxes and mostly from the brandy monopoly—an ominous sign in revolutionary times. But this will not even suffice for famine relief. Besides which it is more than probable that the revenue will now rapidly decline.

"The Douma's appeal not to pay taxes will meet with a wide response. One of the first things the peasants may be expected to do will be to wreck and pillage the State brandy shops, thereby cutting off the main source of indirect revenue. Sugar refineries will probably meet with a similar fate. The naphtha industry is also bound to suffer. This, again, will affect two important items of excise dues. Textile industries, which have been 'booming,' as they always do after a great war, will suffer great depression on account of strikes. State railway receipts must decline. Agriculture will, of course, suffer most of all. The resources of the government must, under these circumstances, be heavily curtailed and the deficit proportionately increased. It is, therefore, only reasonable to foresee a recourse to the gold reserve held

in the State Bank (the gold held abroad cannot be utilized except for paying off Russia's foreign indebtedness) and a forced paper currency may be expected.

"Indeed, nothing short of another large foreign loan can stave off a financial crisis within the next few months. What the prospects of such a loan may be after the dissolution of the Douma and a return to old bureaucratic methods, I need hardly say. Financiers who are in the least acquainted with Russian affairs must surely understand that there can be no prospect of repayment of money lent to reaction. The official interviews now being issued from St. Petersburg try to make the world believe that the government will be able to carry out the agrarian and other reforms without the help of the Douma, and that a reactionary policy was not implied by the dissolution; they are not likely to deceive financiers, even if they impress the general public."

* * *

The sentimental effect of the financial developments in Russia upon international markets is ever-present, but the extent to which disturbances in Russia can gravely alter the tone of outside markets is problematical at present.

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An event of first rank in the history of European public debts is the financial rehabilitation of Italy as registered in the successful conversion of her 4 and 5 per cent. rentes to a 3½ basis. Of the total of \$1,620,000,000, only \$740,000 of the securities were presented for redemption, instead of conversion. In January, 1894, Italian rentes were down to 72 on the Paris Bourse, the undue expansion of the note circulation of the Banca Romana to promote private speculations had shaken confidence and Premier Crispi had admitted that Italian finances were in pretty bad shape. Step by step in little more than twelve years the work of recuperation has proceeded. A 20 per cent. tax on the interest coupons forced a considerable conversion of the 5 per cents. to fours. The budget was

cut ruthlessly. A surplus began to appear and the kingdom stopped borrowing. Three years ago Italian currency reached par of gold. When a few weeks ago the conversion plan was broached, German holders of Italian rentes began to sell and the purchases were made for Italian account in proportion. When the conversion went through, and that within a week of its authorization, the Italian rentes were found to be held largely in their own country. And this feat of rehabilitation was accomplished at a time when European money markets were under heavy pressure.

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Coincident with the revival of confidence in Kaffirs on the London Exchange and the rumors that Belgian and, perhaps, Standard Oil interests are looking favorably upon the Tanganyika railway, comes the interest aroused in the financial future of Central as well as South Africa by the will of Alfred Beit. That a Cape to Cairo railway will realize the dream of Cecil Rhodes some day is fairly certain. Mr. Beit's bequest may tend to draw financiers to this enterprise within the near future.

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Henry Labouchere fears that it may lead to unprofitable speculation by small investors. Writing in the columns of "Truth," he says:

"It was a strange fad on the part of the late Mr. Beit to leave so large a

sum toward making a Cape to Cairo railway, for such a railway is neither a political nor a business necessity—and he certainly was a very acute man in business. We own South Africa and occupy Egypt. If we were without the command of the sea it might be desirable to connect the two by a railroad through the interior of Africa. Having the command, the railroad is of no political value to us. As a business proposition, it is—to say the least—a very doubtful one. The through traffic will be—if it be ever made—a comparatively small one. The intermediate traffic will be still smaller, for Europeans will not settle in tropical Africa. It is to be hoped that Mr. Beit's legacy will not lead the money of others to be wasted in this speculation."

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It is to be doubted, however, whether the "Little Englander" attitude is correct in its apprehension. Rather may it be that imperialistic progress will force its way.

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And America has her own continental railway dream awaiting the day when financiers will dare to undertake its construction. In the meantime, discussions by Pan-American congresses serve to point the path for the future—the future which belongs to the financial interests which have the courage to forego present dividends.

EDWARD STUART.



Chile con Carne.

THE buttercup is a criminal of a criminal family. But, as the wicked too often are, it is undeniably prepossessing. If it were eliminated, if our meadows became the home of nothing but virtue and nourishing grasses, they would be much less good to look at than they are now, spangled with the golden flowers of the wicked. In fact, if the wicked were all gone the meadows might be a trifle dull. And that, perhaps, is an allegory, too. There is, however, no cause for despondency. Neither from the meadows nor the world are the wicked likely to be eliminated just yet.—From Public Opinion of London.

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Joseph Chamberlain exhorts the electors to think imperially. That would enable the rich to live imperially, and provide opportunities for the poor to die imperially.—From Truth.

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It is not a difficult matter to sway the mind of America. The American has the defects of his qualities. The mental quickness of the American, his high standard of intelligence, the widespread circulation of newspapers and magazines, and the avidity with which the American reads and discusses public affairs make him peculiarly susceptible to influence, but leave him without the power of fine discrimination. For the last few years he has been told by his public men and his newspapers and his magazines that great corruption and dishonesty exist, that men in high places are the tools of vested interests, that the State Legislature as well as the Congress

are the creatures of corporations, and that legislation is framed largely in their interests. The American newspaper is always the first to "sense" the drift of public opinion. Finding that the public appetite craves a certain diet, it quickly supplies it, because the newspaper is conducted on the same principle as the restaurant and puts on its daily bill of fare whatever is most in demand, and the cheap newspaper, like the cheap restaurant, conceals the crudities of its cooking and the inferiority of its food by an extravagance of seasoning. There has been a great deal of exaggeration and deliberate untruth in the "literature of exposure," but the public has greedily swallowed it all.—A. Maurice Low in the National Review.

* * *

Our great victory chiefly depends upon the family standard, as opposed to that of the individual unit, upon which our nation is based. In Western countries society is organized according to the individualistic principle, and actions are regulated from the point of view of the individual. The greatest inequality is noticeable among members of the same family. One brother may be a millionaire, while another starves in a garret. All Japan is one big family. Patriotism, unity, secrecy—all these are nothing but the outcome of this system of ours, a system unique in the world.—Prof. Takakusu in the Shin-Koron of Tokio.

* * *

Brazil is gradually and systematically being brought under German influence. It will never be under the German Government, but a new Germania, free

and unfettered to advance as an independent nation, will in due time be established in South America, and in a way with which the Monroe doctrine cannot interfere, and before long this new Germania will be in a position to defy such, even if a serious attempt were made to enforce it.—Major-Gen. Sir Alexander B. Tulloch in the Nineteenth Century and After.

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Reginald de Koven had entered a New York cafe one afternoon and ordered his luncheon, when he noticed that the waiter was lingering, as if to say something:

"Well, what is it" asked the composer, looking up from his paper.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the garcon; "but do you remember me"

"Can't say that I do."

"Well, sir, I used to sing in one of your companies."

"Oh, yes," responded de Koven, after a survey of the waiter's countenance. "I remember now. You had a part in 'Foxy Quiller.'"

"Yes, sir. I suppose, sir, you're surprised to see me as a waiter."

"Not at all," replied de Koven; "I heard you sing."—From the Irish Packet.

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Some pretty strong opinions about the German policy, and Algeciras were being put forth. But Tete de Veau shook his head cautiously.

"Don't be too positive," he said. "You know the adage—Wise men hesitate. Only fools are certain."

"Do you think that adage is true?" asked L'Oignon.

"I'm certain of it," said Tete de Veau. And he wondered why they laughed.

Mrs. Von Brunt—I think it is mamma's intention to leave us quite a good deal when she dies.

Von Brunt—Yes; and wouldn't it be awfully jolly if she would leave us now and then while she's living?"

—

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim?

Her Father—No; he appears to be capable of nothing.

Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George?

Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.

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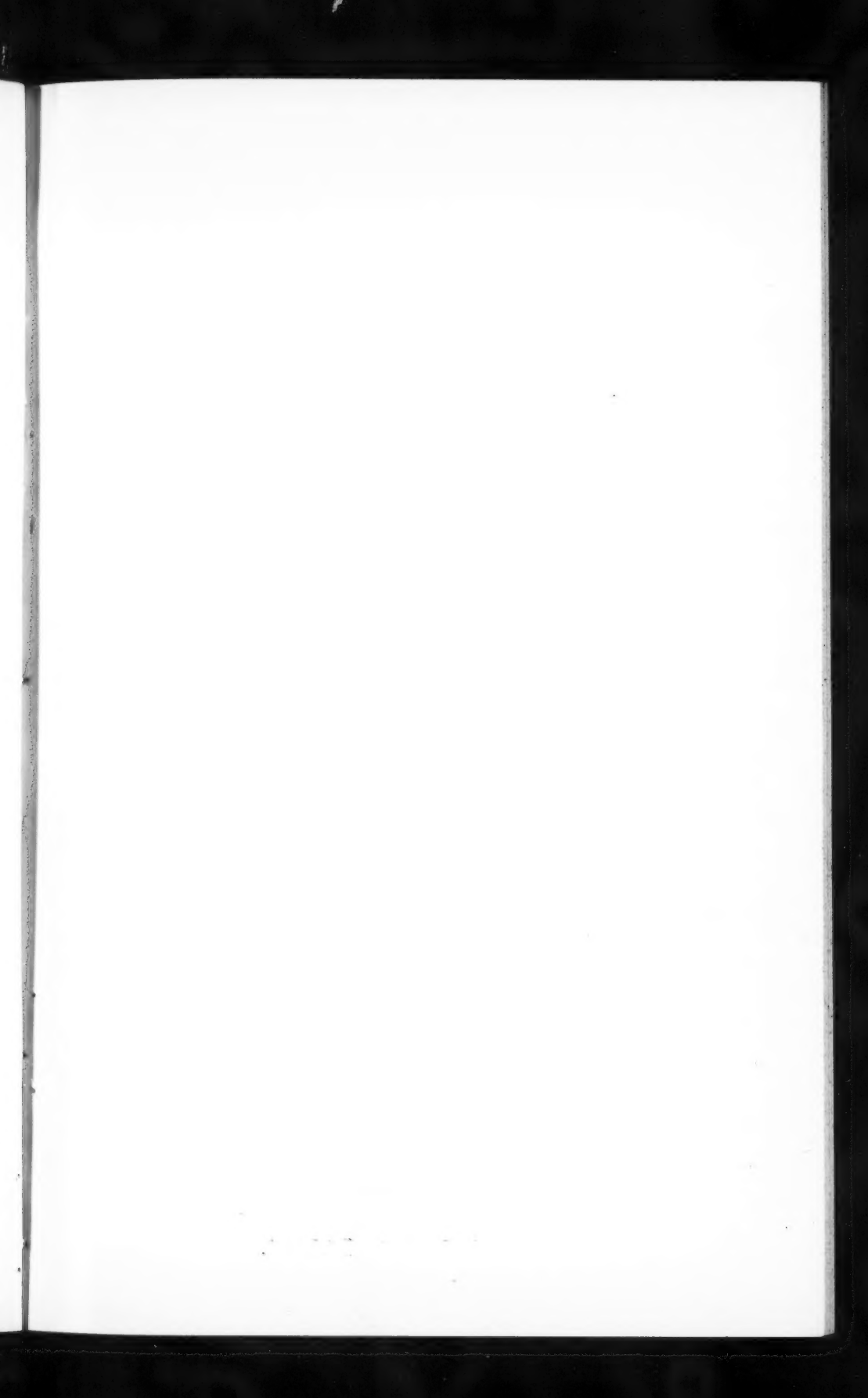
"It shall be by my ambition, father," said a young man who had finished his education and was ready to lift the cares of business from the parental shoulders, "It shall be my ambition and my motto to keep the family name free from stain."

"All right," said the old man. "Tell the office boy to give you the whiting and ammonia, and then go and polish up the brass door-plate."—From The Irish Packet.

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Lord and Lady Aberdeen have discharged their Viceregal duties during the summer with an energy as untiring as that with which they fulfilled them throughout the Castle season. "Their Excellencies" have been a great success in the South and the West. The "Lady Liffenant" has been accorded the highest Celtic praise, that "she is not a bit like a lady," whilst "himself" has won the golden opinion on every side that "he is just plain, like ourselves."—From London Truth.







TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.